

BLACKIE'S ENGLISH-STUDY READERS

Fifth Reader



BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
London & Glasgow
1921

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
50 Old Bailey, London
17 Stanhope Street, Glasgow

BLACKIE & SON (INDIA) LIMITED
Warwick House, Fort Street, Bombay

BLACKIE & SON (CANADA) LIMITED
1118 Bay Street, Toronto

Printed in Great Britain by Blackie & Son, Ltd., Glasgow

PREFATORY NOTE

The lessons presented in this Reader claim to possess three qualifications—they are instruments exactly fitted to the requirements of the teacher; they will arouse and sustain the pupil's interest; and they are precisely suited, in subject and treatment, to the children for whom they are intended.

Each lesson is followed by questions and exercises designed to help teachers who follow the "self-study" method, and at the same time to serve the purpose of those who follow class or "collective" teaching.

A list of some of the more difficult words arranged according to the lessons is added.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The publishers desire to make the following acknowledgments of permission for the use of copyright material.

Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, Ltd. (for " A Pygmy in Armour ", by F. St. Mars).

Messrs. John Lane The Bodley Head Limited (for " A Boy and a Bicycle ", by H. C. Beeching, from " In a Garden ", and for " The Cricket Bowler ", by Edward Cracroft Lefroy, from the author's " Poems ").

The Executors of the late Dr. George MacDonald and Messrs. Chatto & Windus (for " The Sheep and the Goat ", from the author's " Complete Poetical Works ").

Mr. John Murray (for passage from Miss Bird's " A Lady's Life on the Rocky Mountains ").

The Executors of the late Joseph Conrad and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd. (for " A Diving Dress ", from " The Mirror of the Sea ").

Mr. John Masefield (for poems " Posted as Missing " and " On the Road ", from " Collected Poems "—W. Heinemann, Ltd.).

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne (for " The Castaway ", from " Kidnapped ", by Robert Louis Stevenson).

Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Oxford University Press (for " The Secret of the Machines ", from " A History of England ").

The Executors of the late Frank T. Bullen and Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. (for " Nat's Monkey ", from " A Sack of Shakings ").

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. (for poem " I vow to thee ", by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, from " Poems ").

Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. (for poem " Weathers ", by Thomas Hardy).

Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd. (for passage from " Owd Bob ", by Alfred Ollivant).

Messrs. Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., and Mr. Stewart E. White (for " Lions ", from " In the Land of Footprints ").

Sir Henry Newbolt (for poem " On the Hearthrug ", from " Poems ", by Mary E. Coleridge—Elkin Mathews & Marrot, Ltd.).

CONTENTS

CONTENTS



Rescued!

Part I

1. In the corner of a rough piece of ground near the Vaughan pit was situated what was known as the old shaft. It had been made many years before, with a view to working coal there. The owners of the Vaughan had, however, bought up the ground, and as it adjoined their own and could be worked in connexion with it, they stopped the sinking here. This was so long ago that the rubbish which had formed a mound round the mouth of the shaft had been long covered with vegetation, and a fence placed round the pit had fallen into decay.

2. The shaft had been sunk some fifty fathoms, but was now full of water, to within fifty feet of the surface. Some boards covered the top, and

the adventurous spirits among the boys would drop stones through the openings between them, and listen to the splash as they struck the water below. Or they would light pieces of paper and watch them falling into the darkness, until they disappeared suddenly as they touched the water.

3. The winch used in the process of excavation remained, and round it was a portion of the chain so old and rusty as to be worthless for any purpose whatever. Lengths had from time to time been broken off by the boys, who would unwind a portion, and then three or four pull together until the rust-eaten links gave way, and the boys came to the ground with a crash. It was a dirty game, however—dirty even for pit boys—for the yellow rust would stick to hands and clothes and be very difficult to remove.

4. One Saturday afternoon a group of boys and girls of from ten to fourteen were playing in the field. Presently it was proposed to play king of the castle, or a game akin thereto, half a dozen holding the circular mound round the old pit, while the rest attacked them and endeavoured to storm the position. For some time the game went on with much shouting on the part of the boys and shrill shrieks from the girls, as they were pulled or pushed down the steep bank.

5. "Let us make a charge together," said Jack Simpson, who although not thirteen was the leader of the attacking party.



Then heading the rush he went at full speed at the castle. Harry Shepherd, who was one of the defenders, was at the top, but Jack had so much force of motion that he gained his footing and thrust Harry violently backwards.

6. The top of the bank was but three feet wide, and within sloped down to the mouth of the old pit shaft, fifteen feet below. Harry tottered, and to avoid falling backwards turned and with great strides ran down the bank. He was unable to arrest his course, but went through the rotten fence and on to the boarding of the shaft. There was a crash, a wild cry, and Harry disappeared from the sight of his horror-stricken companions.

The rotten woodwork had given way and the boy had fallen into the old shaft.

7. A panic seized the players; some rushed away at the top of their speed shouting, "Harry Shepherd has fallen down the old shaft!" others stood paralysed on the top of the mound; girls screamed and cried. Two only appeared to have possession of their wits. The one was Jack Simpson, the other was a girl of about twelve, Nelly Hardy. Jack did not hesitate an instant, but quickly ran down to the shaft; Nelly more quietly, but with an earnest set face, followed him. Jack threw himself down by the edge and peered down the shaft.

8. "Harry, Harry," he shouted, "art killed?" A sort of low cry came up.

"He's alive, he's drowning!" Jack exclaimed. "Quick, get off those boards."

Nelly at once attempted to aid Jack to lift the boards aside.

"Come," Jack shouted to the boys on the top, "what art afraid of? Thou art shamed by this lass here. Come along and help us."

9. Several of the boys hurried down, stung by Jack's taunt, and half the boards were soon pulled off.

"What art going to do, Jack?"

"Go down, to be sure," Jack said. "Catch hold of the windlass."

"The chain won't hold you, Jack."

'It must hold me," Jack said.

"It won't hold two, Jack,"

"Lower away and hold your chatter," Jack said; "I am going to send him up first if he be alive; lower away, I say."

10. Jack caught hold of the end of the rusty chain, and the boys lowered away as rapidly as they could. Jack held on stoutly, and continued to shout, "Hold on, Harry, I'm coming; another minute and I'll be with thee."

The chain held firmly, and Jack swung downward safely. The shaft was of considerable size, and the openings in the planks had enabled the air to circulate freely; consequently there was no bad air. As Jack reached the water he looked eagerly round, and then gave a cry of joy. Above the water he saw a hand grasping a jutting piece of rock.

---

1. Write a short account of any incident you have seen or heard of, in which great presence of mind was shown by some one. If you have not heard of any, imagine one.

2. Paragraph 2, sentence 1. How many *feet* of water were there in the shaft?

What is meant by saying (*a*) The horse was 16 *hands* high; (*b*) The giant had seven-*league* boots?

3. "Jack had so much *force of motion*" (par. 5). Suggest *one* word that could take the place of the last three.

4. Explain the following words: *adjoined*, *excavations*, *paralysed*. Use them in sentences.

5. Give a general analysis of the last sentence of paragraph 1. (You will find the table at the end of Part II.)

Rescued!

Part II

1. Harry could not swim, but he had grasped the edge of a projecting stone near which he had fallen, and when his strength had failed, and he had sunk below the surface, his hand still retained its grasp.

"Lower away," Jack shouted, and the chain was slackened.

2. Jack could swim a little, just enough to cross the Stockbridge Canal where the water was only out of his depth for some fifteen feet in the middle. First he took off his handkerchief—a strong cotton one—from his neck, and keeping hold of the chain before him swam to the spot where the hand was above water. He had a terrible fear of its slipping and disappearing below the dark pool, and was careful to make a firm grasp at it. He was surprised to find the body was of no weight. Without a moment's delay he managed to bind the wrist fast to the chain with his handkerchief.

3. "Above there," he shouted.

"Ay," came down.

"Wind up very steadily; don't jerk it now." Slowly the winch revolved and Harry's body began to rise from the water.

4. Jack clung to the stone which Harry had grasped, and looked upwards. He wondered



THE SAVING OF HARRY

whether it would ever reach the top; he wondered whether the arm would pull out of the socket, and the body plump down into the water; he wondered how long he could hold on, and why his clothes seemed so heavy. He wondered whether, if his strength went before the chain came down again, his hand would hold on as Harry's had done, or whether he should go down to the bottom of the shaft.

5. How far was it? Fifty fathoms, three hundred feet; he was fifty below the mouth, two hundred and fifty to sink; how long would his body be getting to the bottom? What would his foster mother and father say? Would they ever try to get his body up?

6. Jack was growing very weak. As from another world he heard the shout from above when the body of Harry Shepherd reached the brink, and afterwards some vague murmurs. Presently his fingers slipped, and he went down in the black pool. The chill of the water to his face, the sudden choking sensation, brought his senses back for a moment, and he struck to the surface.

7. There, touching the water, he saw the chain, and as he grasped it, heard the shouts of his comrades above calling to him. He was himself again now. The chain being some feet below the surface he managed to pass it round him, and to twist it in front. He was too exhausted to shout.

8. He saw a great piece of paper on fire

fluttering down, and heard a shout as its light showed him on the end of the chain; then he felt a jar, and felt himself rising from the water. After that he knew nothing more until he opened his eyes and found himself lying on the bank.

9. Nelly Hardy was kneeling by him, and his head was in her lap. He felt various hands rubbing him, and slapping the palms of his hands; his animation was quickly restored. He had swallowed but little water, and it was the close air of the shaft which had overpowered him.

"Hallo!" he said, shaking himself, "let me up. I'm all right; how's Harry?"

10. Harry had not yet come round, though some of them, trying to restore him to consciousness, said that they had heard him breathe once. Jack as usual took the command, ordered all but two or three to stand back, told Nelly Hardy to lift Harry's head and undo his shirt, stripped him to the waist, and then set the boys to work to rub vigorously on his chest. Whether their efforts would have been successful is doubtful, but at this moment there was a sound of hurrying feet and of rapid wheels.

11. Those who had started at the first alarm had reached the village and told the news, and most fortunately had met the doctor as he drove in from his rounds. A man with a rope had leaped into the gig, and the doctor as he drove off had shouted that hot blankets were to be prepared.

12. When he reached the spot and heard that Harry had been brought to the bank, he leapt out, climbed the mound, wrapped him in his coat, carried him down to his gig, and then drove back at full speed to Stokebridge. There, with the aid of hot blankets and stimulants, the lad was brought back to consciousness.

13. Jack Simpson was the hero of the hour, and the pitmen, accustomed to face death as they were, yet marvelled at a boy trusting himself to a chain which looked unfit to bear even its own weight, and into the depths of a well where the air might have been unfit to breathe.

From "Facing Death", by G. A. Henty.

---

1. Write an account of what you imagine Harry's thoughts to have been, from the time he grasped the projecting stone to the time when he lost consciousness.

2. "The body was *of no weight*" (par. 2). Why not?

3. A sentence which has more than one principal clause, and at least one subordinate clause, is called a **Compound-complex** Sentence. Analyse, for example, the second sentence of paragraph 11. Here is the third sentence of paragraph 9 done as a sample, to remind you of the table.

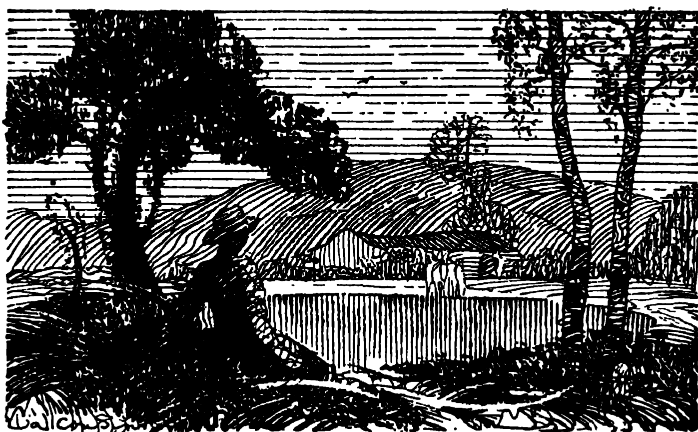
A COMPOUND-COMPLEX SENTENCE

Clause.	Kind of Clause.	Relation.
1. He had swallowed but little water ...	1st principal	
2. It was the close air of the shaft	2nd principal	Co-ordinate with (1).
3. Which had overpowered him ...	Subordinate adjectival.	Qual. "air", in (2).



A GOLDEN EVENING

From the painting by Fred Hall in the Blackburn Art Gallery



A Golden Evening

When the clouds are covered in gold and pink
  And a star is out on the hill,
Dame and Duchess come down to drink
  And to splash in the pond at will;
From bit and collar and trace-chain freed
  They stoop where the shadows creep,
And paw at the tangled water-weed
  And bury their noses deep.

The ducks grown tired of the golden day
  Go waddling home in the grass,
With a curled white feather to mark the way
  Where their wandering web-feet pass.
The birds are asleep in the hawthorn tree,
  And the ripple's kiss on the brink
Is the only murmur of melody
  Where the roan and the grey mare drink.

3. The shadows will fall on the farmyard soon,
   And the lighted windows gleam,
The dogs will bark at the rising moon,
   And the hills will be hills of dream;
And the horses safe in their neighbour stalls
   Will tug at their scented hay,
And watch the moon on the cobwebbed walls
   Till the dawn brings back the day.

W. H. Ogilvie.

---

1. Who are Dame and Duchess? Quote the line of the poem that describes them.
2. Of what use are web-feet? Name any other bird that possesses them.
3. What is *your* idea of a "golden day"?
4. What is meant by saying that "the hills will be hills of dream"?



A Pygmy in Armour

Part I

1. She sat upon a privet-leaf, and surveyed the world in her quiet, gentle way. You could see her quite a long way off, her tiger-red, black-spotted armour glowing wonderfully against the green. Her enemies could see her too, that little round pill of an insect, and she had enough of them to terrify a lion, but—they left her alone.

2. Apparently she was not painted like that for nothing. Nature in the wild does not advertise much without a reason. And here she was literally shouting in colour: "Behold! Here I am! See me— a ladybird!" But though they beheld, they passed by. She was, I fancy, not good to eat. Perhaps she was bitter to the taste, or contained an acid which burnt the mouth. Anyway, she believed in flaming advertisement, whatever the reason was, so that no one could make a mistake, and, foolishly eating her, find out the truth afterwards.

3. She heard the robins singing, and their song was a doleful one—all about the winter to come. The long, soft, south-west wind came whispering through the branches and stirred the leaves with a murmuring rustle. It whispered of wet—the wet that men know must follow the long

drought. But she knew it before. That was why she was there. It was the same all over the garden—ladybirds swarmed.

4. Casting his eyes along the hedge, an observer might have been surprised to see them everywhere. Here and there upon the leaves, were other ladybirds, shining like minute tortoises with polished red shells spotted with black and white. They were also upon the sprays of the tall, dark larch, and many stood on the summer-house. They all seemed to be there, not by chance, but by arrangement, like people who come to see royalty pass in the streets. And, of course, being ladybirds, they all seemed to be innocently interfering with nobody, and nobody interfering with them.

5. Yesterday they had not been there, not one in ten of them, for their work had lain in the other part of the garden, on the other side of the house, where the green-fly were—or had been—before the ladybirds came out of nowhere to deal with and save the garden. It was a mild day after a mild night. The insects had a long time before them yet, for it was only the thirteenth of September. Only—well there was going to be a long period of wet, and Coccinella, our ladybird, and her friends knew it. You may explain how they knew it, if you like. I cannot.

6. Then suddenly Coccinella seemed to develop a tail. Then her red and black painted armoured back broke into two halves and hinged forward just abaft her neck. And then she shook out,



Ladybirds and "Green Fly" on Rose Plant

1, Eggs. 2, Larva. 3 and 4, Pupa in different stages

from underneath the armour, large wings—the tips of which were what had looked like a tail—and then—well, who could have thought the little creature, who a moment ago had seemed wingless, would be off like that.

7. There she was, well out over the lawn,

flying, and rising steadily. She advertised herself even more on the wing than off it, looking like a floating disc of red-gold fluff, but the fluffy idea was given by the vibration of the wings. You could follow her quite easily with the eye, for hers was a low-speed flying-engine, apparently, and she didn't seem to be too certain of her steering-gear or anything else very much. Or was it that she couldn't see?

8. She seemed to be aiming for the upper left-hand window of the house—there were four windows on that side, two upstairs, two down, all open—which in a straight line was over a hundred yards from her starting-point. Her course, however, was much like the course of a boat crossing a rapid river to a landing-stage on the far side. The wind came cross-ways, and she drifted down on the window, with more luck than judgment, it seemed, and charged through the opening, just as she would have charged into the wall if she had missed the window, perhaps.

9. The whole manœuvre appeared to have been mere chance. But it only *appeared* to be, for the next instant another ladybird came charging into the room full tilt. And before Coccinella had finished folding her wings, others followed, all heading for the open window—you could see them coming right across the lawn—sometimes singly, sometimes two or three at a time.

10. Many must have come quite a long way,

but, long way or short, they all seemed to be quite sure as to where they were bound for, and went there as straight as their uncertain steering-gear would take them. But how did they know? The windows of the other three rooms that faced that way were open, but they went only to that room. Why? As a matter of fact, it was the only room of the four suitable, or, at least, the one most suitable, for their plans.

11. Dozens of ladybirds were beginning to cluster round the window, mostly about the sides; and little tiny nameless flies, that ran about there too, had a lively time of it because of the lady-birds. For the rest of the day the surroundings of that window were alive with little, quiet, creeping, spotted creatures.

12. By next dawn the ladybirds seemed to have vanished. Nobody had seen them go. They had not gone. They were still there, up in the top two corners of the room on the window side, under the ceiling, in two big, still clusters, each cluster anything from fifty to three times that number strong.

13. Every now and again a late comer would whirl in at the window, as soon as it was opened, and join a cluster. Except for this, however, there was no sign of life in the clusters. Coccinella and her friends were asleep for the winter, and would thank nobody to disturb them. So far as the world was concerned, they were a blotted-out quantity till spring came again.

1. There is another way of spelling *pygmy*. What is it? So, too, with the words *sylvan* and *gypsy*. Look up these two words in your dictionary, and find which spellings are preferable, and why.

2. "Nature in the wild does not *advertise* without a reason." Can you give any example of Nature *disguising* herself for a particular reason?

3. Of what use are lady-birds in the garden?

4. "Coccinella was asleep for the winter." What is this winter sleep called? Name some other animals that do it.

5. Find words that mean the opposite of: *pygmy*, *enemies*, *bitter*, *foolishly*, *south-west*.

6. Analyse paragraph 10, sentence 1. One of the clauses is very difficult—"Where they were bound for". It is a noun clause, the object of *as to*, which is a prepositional phrase.

A Pygmy in Armour

Part II

1. The hateful north-east wind seemed to have cut all life down to cover-level. And in the room it was bitterly cold; yet, on the lawn, triumphant, vigorous, full of "go", under the dark tent of the pine-boughs, danced a regiment of gnats, plainly visible. And something had certainly touched Coccinella.

2. She was alive enough to note that fact. She was awake. With great caution she poked her head out. A spider of the most astonishingly bright colours was touching her all over with its feelers to see she were dead!.

3. Coccinella gently drew back her head. She hated spiders with the bitter hatred of practically all insects for the eight-legged slayers, but she knew how to bide her time. And it is curious to note that in that bitter cold it had taken so slight a touch to find her wide awake and prepared for trouble.

4. Coccinella was quite well aware that so long as the hungry, long-legged horror simply examined her red armour-plated back, he, she, or it could not get much change out of the said examination. For she appeared, in the position she was then in, to be all back, like a tortoise. But the spider knew a thing or two also; it knew that there must be a vulnerable end somewhere in that living armoured car, so to say. The thing was to find it, *and*—not wake the sleeper.

5. The spider had a very effective poison, you know, and one nip, one injection from its pointed jaws at the vulnerable end, and—oh, Coccinella! The jaws could make no impression on the armour of the back, the big wing-cases, which covered practically all of Coccinella. Our ladybird knew that. Therefore she played the waiting game, not wishing to die of acid poison, or whatever precise murder-juice the spider carries up her dainty sleeve.

6. Curled up, and peering out of a crack in herself, as it were, Coccinella watched the legs of the horror work gradually round towards her head. She saw the underneath part of the soft

sack of a hateful body; she felt the gentle tap, tap, tap work along the armour-plating up to her head; and then, quick as an electric spark, she struck.

7. The spider has no armour-plating like insects. It is but a sack with a head tied on to one end, and a spinning-machine on the other. It is vulnerable practically in most places. And Coccinella's strong jaws cut deep and true, like shears.

8. The spider collapsed and doubled up, suddenly and horribly, and as suddenly let go and fell. Coccinella watched the fall. Then she burrowed deeper into the cluster of sleeping lady-birds, and composed herself to slumber away the hateful cold days and long nights once again, quite untroubled.

. . . .

9. It was a fine day—a very fine day. The sun shone, and the little leaves of the hazel and the lime and the sycamore outside the open window were shaking themselves out like big, moist green tassels. A cuckoo called somewhere in the haze of beyond; a swallow swerved and darted about the sky; and Coccinella woke up. She did not know the time, not to say the day of the week, the day of the month, or the month itself. She only knew the temperature, and that was decidedly warm. So she got up and wandered forth.

10. She crawled down towards the window and the window-sill. She took a long time about it, in her little, prim, unassuming fashion, and looked like some minute clock-work toy-tortoise in the process. She met on her way several people. One was a queen-wasp, looking for a place to make a nest, and, of course, in the usual queen-wasp bad temper. This lady blunted the point of her fine new sting on the armour-plate of Coccinella's back, for no reason that anyone but a wasp could see.

11. Coccinella then met a fat house-fly, a survival of the fittest from last year. She met a mite—about the size of a pin's head it was, and of a cream colour—and she promptly slew it; which was wise. For wheresoever a mite takes hold upon an insect, there it seems to stick, and the two never appear to part company in this life.

12. She also met a big, fat bumble-bee, in a hurry and a fur coat, all hot and flustered because it had come into the room by mistake and couldn't find a way out of it; and that bee, in the confusion it created, very nearly succeeded in slaying Coccinella. Finally she met a child. The child took her up on her finger, and holding her up in the air, cried:

"Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home;
Oo's house is on fire and oo's babies is gone;
'Ceptin' one, and her name is Anne—
She's crept under the frying-pan!"

13. And lo! before you could gasp, and as if

she understood the words, and knew they were for her, and knew, too, what was expected of her, Coccinella threw forward her two armoured wing-covers on their hinges, and, for the first time for nearly nine months, unfolded her wings. She looked very funny like that, with her wings out, and the wing-cases thrown forward in front. She appeared quite over-weighted and over-balanced, and it made the child laugh. But even as the child laughed away went the lady-bird, out of the open window, into the air and the great big world beyond.

Adapted from "The Wild Unmasked" by F. St. Mars.

---

1. Tell in your own words the story of Coccinella's adventures on her journey down the window.

2. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) The spider "*could not get much change* out of the examination".

(*b*) Coccinella "*played the waiting game*".

(*c*) "A survival of the fittest."

3. How is the lady-bird protected from its enemies? Name some other means of protection that certain animals have.

4. What part of speech is *but* in paragraph 7, line 2; in paragraph 10, line 10; and in paragraph 13, line 10? What does it mean in the first two examples?

5. What does the word *vulnerable* mean? Read the story of Achilles, and then explain why a man's weak spot is sometimes called his "Achilles' heel".

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

1. Green little vaulter in the summer grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that 's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;[1]

2. And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

3. Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song:
In doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

Leigh Hunt (1784–1859).

---

1. Why is the cricket said to "*nick* the glad silent moments as they pass"?

2. Why does the poet call the grasshopper and the cricket *cousins*?

[1] The noise beekeepers made with cymbals, &c., when the bees were hiving.



Cordelia bids farewell to her sisters

The Story of King Lear

Part I

1. Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. Goneril and Regan were married; but Cordelia was still unmarried.

She was as good as she was beautiful; and the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were suitors for her hand.

2. Lear decided to resign his crown to his daughters and to spend the rest of his days in peace and ease; for he was more than eighty

years old, and the cares of state weighed heavily upon him. So he summoned his daughters; and, telling them that he meant to divide the kingdom among them, bade them say which of them loved him most, so that to her might go the largest share. It seemed to the simple old man that this plan of his was quite fair, and would show him, besides, which of his daughters really had the greatest love for him.

3. Goneril and Regan, two selfish women, vowed they loved their father more than life itself, and that every joy that life could offer was as nothing to the joy they had in him. The old king, delighted with their professions of affection, gave each of these daughters one-third of his kingdom.

4. Cordelia listened to her sisters' professions of devotion with a feeling of disgust, for she could read the hearts of Goneril and Regan, and knew that their vows were false. So strong was this feeling that when her turn came to tell how much she loved her father, she said simply: "I love your Majesty according to my duty; neither more nor less."

5. At first King Lear could hardly believe that he heard aright. Was this his darling Cordelia, who, he had thought, loved him twenty times more than either of her sisters? He stammered out: "But goes thy heart with this? Art thou so young and so untender?" And Cordelia answered him steadily, looking at him with her clear honest eyes: "So young, my lord, and true."

6. Then Lear fell into a passion; and, raging against his youngest child, whom he called a stranger to his heart, he cast her off from him completely; and disowned her, as he said, for evermore.

7. No riches and no part of the kingdom fell to Cordelia; and when the Duke of Burgundy heard that she had been disinherited, he no longer wished to marry her; but the King of France understood Cordelia's feelings, and gladly took her to be his queen.

8. So Cordelia, with a heavy heart, left her old father to the care of the daughters who had made such professions of loving devotion. And wicked, unnatural daughters they proved to be; for they soon began to show him, now that the power of the kingdom was in their hands, what their feelings with regard to him really were.

9. First one and then the other let the old man see that they regarded him as nothing more than a useless burden. Day by day they showed him less and less respect. Their courtiers and servants followed suit; and soon he, who had once been a king, felt himself a neglected old man of no importance at all.

10. At last active dislike took the place of neglect; and neither Goneril nor Regan could bear the sight of their father. Then one night the old king found himself homeless, wandering abroad upon a lonely heath in a fearful storm, with only the faithful court-fool of his happier



CORDELIA COMFORTING HER FATHER, KING LEAR, IN PRISON

days, and one other loyal follower, bearing him company.

---

1. King Lear's plan was to give the best share of his kingdom to the daughter who loved him best. Yet Goneril and Regan were given their shares before he heard what Cordelia had to say. What does this prove to you?

2. Which of the two foreign princes do you prefer, and why?

3. What is meant by saying that "their courtiers *followed suit*" (par. 9)? Here is another expression taken from card-playing: "You're a *trump*." What does that mean? (These are what are called **Metaphors**.)

4. Explain each of the following:
(*a*) "The cares of state *weighed heavily* upon him" (par. 2).
(*b*) "Goes thy heart with this?" (par. 5).
(*c*) "Cordelia was disinherited" (par. 7).

5. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 2, and of paragraph 8.

The Story of King Lear

Part II

1. The storm raged around him; but the storm that buffeted his body was not so hard to bear as the storm of rage and grief that rent his heart when he thought of his base ungrateful children, and of that other child whom he had sent away from him in anger. His miseries, and the insults

and sufferings that he had endured, worked upon his feeble brain, until his mind gave way.

2. Then one of his loyal followers had the king taken to Dover, and sent a message to France, telling Cordelia of her father's distress. Cordelia, with the permission of her husband, sailed at once for Britain with an army, intending, if possible, to set her father once more upon the throne.

3. Cordelia's followers found the poor old king. Not knowing what he did, he had escaped from the care of those set to watch him, and was wandering in the fields, singing to himself. The doctors advised his daughter not to see him until sleep and soothing herbs had restored his mind a little; and she promised them all her gold and jewels if they restored her father's health.

4. After a while Lear woke from a long and refreshing sleep, to find Cordelia kneeling beside him with her arms about him and her kisses on his lips. He scarcely knew where he was.

"Where have I been? Where am I?" he murmured. "Pray, do not mock me; for, as I am a man, I think this lady to be my child Cordelia."

And he touched her cheeks and smoothed her bright hair, while Cordelia clasped him, sobbing: "And so I am; so I am."

5. Then Lear, when he felt the tears upon her face said: "Be your tears wet? Yes, faith, I pray, weep not." And again the memory of the miseries he had suffered came dimly back to him, and he went on: "If you have poison for me, I



THE RECONCILIATION OF CORDELIA AND HER FATHER

will drink it. I know you do not love me; for your sisters have, as I remember, done me wrong. You have some cause; they have not."

6. "No cause, no cause," sobbed Cordelia, for the sight of her poor old father in his distress was almost more than she could bear.

7. So all former unkindness between father and daughter was forgiven and forgotten. Happiness, however, was not for them, nor yet for those daughters who had caused so much misery. Goneril and Regan quarrelled; Goneril poisoned her sister and then took her own life; but the army they had raised, commanded by Edmund, the wicked son of the Earl of Gloucester, overcame the forces of Cordelia, and Lear and his daughter were taken prisoners.

8. Held a captive in the British camp, Cordelia had thought and anxiety only for her father. "For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down," she said,

> "Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
> Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?"

9. But the old king, his feeble mind still incapable of grasping the seriousness of his plight, replied:

> "No, no, no, no! Come let's away to prison;
> We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
> When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
> And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
> And pray, and sing, and tell old tales."

10. And to prison the father and daughter were

taken; and for a brief while, perhaps, they lived as Lear had pictured them; for because they were together they were content.

11. But by the command of Edmund, the innocent Cordelia met her death in prison; and Lear, freed from his dungeon too late, staggered forth with his dead child in his arms, scarcely believing yet that she had ceased to breathe, and calling wildly:

"Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little."

The shock of her death was too great for the old man's weakened frame. With a last despairing cry of "Thou'lt come no more," he sank down beside his best-loved child. His heart was broken.

Dorothy King.

1. Write a few sentences describing the character of Cordelia.

2. To what extent do you consider the old king himself to blame for the tragedies that happened?

3. (*a*) Express more simply: "Lear's mind was still incapable of grasping the seriousness of his plight" (par. 9).

(*b*) What did Cordelia mean by saying that she herself could "out-frown false Fortune's frown"? (par. 8).

4. Why does King Lear think that Cordelia will have poison for him?

5. Re-write paragraph 3, using the present tense throughout (the *historic present*, as it is called).

6. Find words that mean the opposite of: *grief*, *health*, *memory*, *innocent*. Use each of them in a sentence.

7. Analyse the first sentence of the lesson.

Among the Eskimos

Part I

1. It snowed all night. In the morning we floundered through great drifts, and, as we did so, blessed the luck which had postponed this snowstorm till we were safe among our friends the Eskimos. If it had caught us while we were plodding up the river we should soon have been exhausted and helpless. Even as it was, we found the deerskin lodges of the Eskimos none too comfortable, for they did not prevent the snow from drifting in.

2. To make matters worse, a blizzard began which kept us huddled together for warmth. Outside work was impossible. All that day and all the next night the blinding storm howled and moaned and whistled around us.

3. The following morning was bright, windless, and intensely cold. The wind had packed the snow hard, and it easily bore our weight. This suggested an idea to Bill.

"A snow-house would keep out the wind better than this airy lodge," he said.

4. At that moment along came Nilgar, the leader of the Eskimo tribe. He was full of signs and words, most of which meant nothing to us. But one word sounded familiar—igloo. We smiled and nodded, and repeated the word.

"A mighty good idea," said Bill. "He must have overheard what I said about snow-houses."

5. We followed Nilgar and his wife, a very robust, kindly lady, and another Eskimo to a spot a few yards away.. Then operations began, and we looked on with eager interest. We were



at last to see how the Eskimos built their winter homes.

6. Nilgar and his assistant architect eyed the spot and made a rough estimate of the size the house was to be. Then they set to work to cut snow bricks. Their implement was a flat piece of copper, double-edged and fastened to a wooden handle. It was called a snow-dag. The bricks were cut out of the snow within the circle which

the house was to occupy. They were about two feet long, between one and two feet high, and about ten inches thick.

7. After the first circular row was laid another layer was placed on top. Now the structure began to slope inwards and gradually assumed a dome-like shape. The two men, who were working inside, were hidden up to their chests. At last only a small hole at the top remained open. Nilgar and his assistant were lost to sight. A moment later we saw the roof hole blocked by a snow-brick shoved up from below. The men were immured.

8. Suddenly the dag was thrust through the wall near the ground. A square was cut out. The workmen crawled forth, and then put the snow-brick back in its place.

9. In the meantime Nilgar's wife had not been idle. She had been raising a low rampart a couple of feet from the walls of the igloo, and shovelling snow on to the igloo itself in order to fill up the chinks.

10. The men next built a passage-way some eight or ten feet in length leading to the igloo. It was a sort of tunnel. We noticed that it was on the side away from the prevailing wind. Then Nilgar crawled along this tunnel and cut out a doorway in the igloo.

11. "And there you are," said Alec, "a brand new bungalow in a most select district."

"And all done in two hours," I added.

12. Nilgar was busy building two snow benches, one on either side of the door. When they were finished his wife laid on them rough mats made of willow twigs, and on top of all deerskin robes. The place was now ready to live in.

13. Nilgar, in his quiet way, made us understand that it was ours, and, of course, we did our best to thank him. They were rather close quarters for the four of us, but, in weather such as we had suffered from, cosiness was better than elbow-room. The igloo was about ten feet in diameter. Between the benches the passage-way was only about two feet wide.

14. We had been so interested in Nilgar's building that we had not noticed what was going on in other parts of the camp. When we came out of our new dwelling we found that igloos were being raised all around us. The deerskin lodges were gone. The ground was dotted with white domes.

15. Now, too, the Eskimos began to make clothing out of their new deerskins. We learned afterwards that an Eskimo superstition forbids the women to sew new caribou[1] skins until they are in the winter houses. At last the dressmaking was completed. Each of us wore two suits—the inner one with the fur inwards, and the outer one with the fur outwards.

16. "The weather can do what it likes now," said Bill, who looked about as slender as a barrel. "I wonder if we'll ever wear shorts again."

[1] The reindeer of North America.

1. Write a few sentences describing Nilgar's sensations on seeing a London hotel for the first time.

2. How does a *blizzard* differ from an ordinary snowstorm?

3. What special cleverness was shown in making the tunnel to the igloo?

4. What does "*brand*-new" mean? In some parts of Scotland the word "split-new" is used. Have you any idea what that means?

5. Suggest simpler, more familiar words for: *implement*, *structure*, *prevailing*. Do you think your three would do as well as the three in the lesson?

6. What is the difference between *diameter* and *circumference*? If the diameter of the igloo was 10 feet, how long would the circumference be?

7. Many of our verbs can be used both transitively and intransitively. For example: "A blizzard *began*" (intrans.). "The workmen *began* operations" (trans.). Make sentences using the following verbs both transitively and intransitively: *blow*, *break*, *turn*, *melt*, *pass*.

8. "Bill looked about as slender as a barrel" (par. 16). What does this mean? Is a barrel *slender*? (This is called **Irony**.

Among the Eskimos

Part II

1. The next day our clothing was put to the test. Alec had managed to shoot a caribou with the shot-gun. Bill and I went out with a sled to bring it home. The place was three or four miles away, and our snow-shoes slipped along easily over the crusted snow. We found the caribou in

the spot Alec had described, and loaded it on the sled.

2. We had not gone far on the return trip before our troubles began. The crust would not hold up the heavy sled, and we ploughed along with toilsome jerks. The wind, which we had scarcely noticed on the outward trip, was now dead in our faces.

3. "Anyway," said Bill, as we rested for a moment, "we've only about three miles to go, and there's still plenty of daylight."

4. We moved on, but presently it became only too clear that the wind was increasing. The coarse loose snow on the surface was whipped up and driven against our eyes and cheeks. We staggered on for a bit, resting frequently and turning our backs to the stinging icy particles. All at once we realized that not only was the surface snow being driven about, but fresh snow was now falling.

5. In a few moments sky and earth were blurred. The tracks made on our outward journey were, of course, wholly gone, and, with snow squalls whirling around us, we could make out no landmarks. All sense of time and direction was lost as we stumbled on in what we thought was the direction of the camp. We were in the heart of a blizzard.

6. We abandoned sled and load, and with bent heads struggled painfully forward. If we looked up we were almost blinded by the flying scud.



And anyway it was no use; we could not see three feet ahead.

"We must be nearly home," shouted Bill in my ear, as we paused.

7. I nodded, but said nothing. I was no longer sure of anything. We might have passed the igloos. How were we to recognize them in this mad confusion? It was getting dark by now. Bill fortunately had his staff, and gave me one end. At any rate we should not be separated.

8. I do not know how long we kept moving. Probably not more than half an hour, but it seemed years. We were now nearly done. With our backs to the storm we sat down to rest.

At once the snow drifted up around us. If we stayed there long we should soon be buried. With an effort we got upon our feet again.

9. We could scarcely see each other now. All we knew was that the wind was still in our faces, and we hoped that meant we were headed in the right direction. We rested, got up, stumbled on, and rested again. There was no longer any pretence of denying the truth. We admitted that we were lost.

"I can't go much farther," I yelled to Bill. "Let's find some sort of shelter."

10. We had just gone a few steps when Bill, who was ahead, tripped and fell. Before I heard his cry of warning I took a header over him. We had found our shelter. It was a sort of mound over which Bill had dived. It was good enough. We were at the end of our tether.

11. There was fair shelter from the worst of the wind, but the snow drifted around us so quickly that in a few moments we were half covered. We decided that the only thing to do was to lie down and wait for daylight. With our snow-shoes we scooped out a small trench. It was difficult and slow work, for the snow poured in almost as fast as we shovelled it out. But at least the place would serve our purpose. We lay down with our heads together, and placed the four snow-shoes as a roof above our faces, so as to give us some breathing space.

12. Then we settled down for the night. Our

new winter clothing kept us warm now that we were out of the wind. As we gradually became covered in with snow we grew fairly comfortable. Of course we were ravenously hungry, but that could not be helped. Finally I fell asleep with the howling of the wind and the rustling of the snow in my ears.

13. When I woke up there was a faint appearance of white above me. For a moment I thought we were in our igloo. Then I remembered and roused Bill. We shoved upwards at the snowshoes, but the weight of drifted snow was too much for us in our cramped position. I took Bill's staff and thrust it out beyond my head.

14. Suddenly I felt the other end seized, and heard a shout. The staff was being pulled, but I hung on and felt myself being dragged out.

15. I stumbled to my feet. Alec had hold of the other end of the staff. Beside him stood Bluequill grinning. We soon had Bill out and watched his amazement. Then came questions and explanations.

16. "We were just going to start out to look for you," said Alec.

"Just going to start?" said Bill. "What do you mean?"

"How on earth did you find us?" I asked.

"By seeing the end of the staff," said Alec.

17. "Yes, but how did you happen to find the place?"

"We didn't find it. We were here already."

"Where are we anyway?" asked Bill.

"Home," answered Alec.

18. We looked round. Suddenly the place seemed familiar. We had spent the night under the wall of our own igloo.

From "In the Grip of the Barren Lands", by Norman Blake.

---

1. Write a short composition on this subject: "Lost in a London Fog".

2. Here are other two metaphors. Explain them.

(*a*) "We *ploughed* along with toilsome jerks" (par. 2).

(*b*) "We were at the end of our *tether*" (par. 10).

3. Re-write paragraph 16 in indirect speech, beginning: Alec said that they . . . .

4. *Farther* is the comparative degree of *far*. Write down the comparative degrees of: *fore, sad, bad, good, happy, many.*

5. Construct the following sentences:

(*a*) Adverbial clause of time, principal clause, noun clause.

(*b*) Adverbial clause of purpose, principal clause, adjectival clause.

A Boy and a Bicycle

1. With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

2. Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:–
"O bird, see. See, bird, I fly.

3. "Is this, is this your joy?
O bird! Then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

4. Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

5. Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the treadles fall.

6. Alas! that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

Henry Charles Beeching (1859–1919).

---

1. What great improvement has taken place in the bicycle since this poem was written? Prove this from the poem itself.

2. Why does the poet think that cycling is more enjoyable than skating? What is *your* opinion?

3. What is meant by saying that the man who climbs with toil "shall find wings waiting there"?



William Penn and the Quakers

Part I

1. No doubt many of you have seen, in some quiet old-fashioned little market town or village in an English county, a small, quaint building that seemed somehow different from the other buildings around it.

2. It had, most probably, a low roof, made uneven by great age and the weathering of many storms, and small, low, many-paned windows. Perhaps, beside it you saw a little, open, railed-in space, very green and quiet, where thick grass grew high beside tiny plain headstones and over low mounds.

3. But the building was not the village church. Peeping through the low dim windows you saw neither altar nor pulpit, neither organ nor choir-stalls. Only, when your eyes became used to the gloom, you made out plain wooden benches set round a room with bare, smooth, white-washed walls. "Some kind of meeting-room," you said, and came away, wondering a little at the strange peacefulness of the plain little place and of the small neglected burying-ground beside it.

4. In just such a building, about two hundred and sixty years ago, upon any Sabbath day, a sturdy, earnest-faced young man might have

been seen preaching gravely and zealously to a company of quiet, soberly-dressed folk. They were known as Quakers, and they sat with folded hands in the plain meeting-house which was church to them, to hear the words of a young preacher who had lately come among them, and who bore the name of William Penn.

5. He was then nearly twenty-six years old, the only son of Sir William Penn, who, in Oliver Cromwell's day, had been vice-admiral of England, and who was afterwards knighted by Charles II for his services against the Dutch.

6. Sir William had never been able to understand or to approve of his son. As a youth, William had been much influenced by the teachings of a body of Christians who called themselves Friends, and whose Society had not then been very long established. They were *Dissenters*, that is to say, they dissented from or disagreed with, the modes of worship of the English Church; and because of this they were at that time despised and persecuted. For their creed was a new and strange one; and folk in those days were not so tolerant of other people's beliefs as they are to-day.

7. The Friends' chief leader was a man named George Fox; who, at one time, because of his opinions, spent month after month in first one prison and then another. Yet he still, whenever he was free, preached and taught the Friends' faith to all who would listen to him.

8. Once, in Derbyshire, he was brought before two justices who spoke slightingly of the religious opinions of the Friends. Fox told them rebukingly that they ought to tremble at the Word of God, whereupon one of the justices called him a *Quaker*. This name has since then been given to the Society by others; but the members themselves, and those who have come after them, have always preferred the title of *Friends*.

9. The Quakers would never take oaths; their word, they considered, was bond enough for them; and, their word having once been passed, it might never be broken. They would never remove their hats as a mark of courtesy to any man. Nor would they address any man or woman by a title of courtesy, but by their plain names, using always the singular pronouns "thee" and "thou" to the person with whom they spoke.

10. They were a peaceable folk, refusing to fight at any time, however much they might be provoked to do so. "Bless your enemies," was their great law; "pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

11. Their religious meetings were in no way like Church services. The folk sat soberly round the plain little meeting-rooms in absolute silence, neither singing nor audibly praying. Charles Lamb, the delightful essayist, writes lovingly and gracefully about a Quakers' meeting. "It is seldom," he says, "that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Frequently the

meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have bathed with stillness. The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so soothing, as a Quakers' meeting."

---

1. What is meant by "The *weathering* of many storms"? (par. 2). And what do we mean when we say that the ship "*weathered* the storm"?

2. The word "soberly" occurs twice in this lesson. What does it mean?

3. Write sentences to show the difference between *persecute* (par. 10) and *prosecute.*

4. Put a prefix before each of the following words, to reverse its meaning: *probable*, *understand*, *approve* *tolerant*, *broken*, *courtesy*, *use.*

5. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 4.

William Penn and the Quakers

Part II

1. But to return to the young Quaker, William Penn. The elder Penn had no sympathy with his son's Quaker opinions. The youth's college days had passed by, and for the doctrines he upheld there his stern, old-fashioned father gave him a sound drubbing and turned him away from home. But William's mother pleaded for him; he was allowed to return, and then was sent on a trip to Paris.

2. He returned from France later on, full of polite accomplishments, and speaking the French tongue fluently. His father, pleased, no doubt, that his son now seemed less of an oddity, and more like other well-born young men of the time, received him well, and allowed him to study law at Lincoln's Inn. Afterwards, when the young man was twenty-two, he sent him to manage one his estates in Ireland.

3. But Quakerism had not died in Penn. At Cork he met one of his former Quaker teachers; and from that time he took part with much spirit in all the Society's meetings. He had his share, also, of the oppression and persecution which it met with upon every hand.

4. His father sent for him again, and tried to reason with him; the son held firmly to his own ideas, and would not give way. "You shall be my son still," said the old man, "and I will quarrel with none of your Quakerish notions, if you will only consent to stand uncovered before His Majesty the King, the Duke of York, and me, your father."

5. Still Penn was determined to be a Quaker through and through; and again he was sent away by his angry and disappointed father. At the age of twenty-four he became a zealous Quaker preacher, and the author of some Quaker essays for which he was imprisoned for several months.

6. Time went on. Everywhere the Quakers were oppressed and harassed and sometimes severely

punished for their opinions. Penn, when he was freed from Newgate prison, travelled to Holland and Germany, and preached the Quaker faith there. His father was now dead, having in the end become reconciled to his son.

7. At the age of twenty-eight William married a Quaker maiden, Gulielma Maria Springett, whose stepfather was a Quaker minister and writer. The marriage ceremony was of course a Quaker one, as you may see by the picture, no priest being present, as in wedding services of the Church of England, to make the two man and wife. Instead, they took their vows before the assembly, and these vows they considered sufficiently binding.

8. True Quakers to-day still dress in sober colours; but in Penn's day the men wore white bands or cravats, and round, plain hats, and the women dressed in gowns of soft grey, with big, snow-white collars, cuffs and caps. It was part of their religion to avoid adornment of any kind, but all were most daintily neat and clean.

9. "The very garments of a Quaker," wrote Charles Lamb in the nineteenth century, "seem incapable of receiving a soil. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones."

10. The early Quakers, in spite of violence



WILLIAM PENN TREATING WITH THE INDIANS

and oppression, clung firmly to their faith. At last William Penn, now one of their acknowledged leaders, was granted a patent from Charles II for a province in the New World, where he and his friends might settle, and hold their beliefs undisturbed.

11. Penn wished to call his new home Sylvania, for much of the territory was of sylvan nature, that is to say, abounding in trees. But the King declared gaily that it should bear its founder's name; and that was how the province, now the State of Pennsylvania, in North America, obtained its title, and first became a settlement for English folk.

12. The colony of Quakers flourished, but Penn did not remain in the New World. A dispute with Lord Baltimore regarding the boundaries between Pennsylvania and his lordship's Catholic colony of Maryland brought Penn to England in 1684. Five years later he return to Pennsylvania; but in 1701 he was forced in the interests of the colony to return to England; and there in 1718 he died at the age of seventy-four. His name will ever be remembered as that of a staunch and fearless upholder, not of the Quaker faith only, but of all he thought worthy.

13. The faith itself, too, calls for our respect; for the best among its members were and still are sober, honest, good-living, God-fearing, earnest Christian people. We should do well to copy, in some ways, those early Quakers, for they were

ever ready to stand firmly for the truth and for what they thought was right, even at a bitter cost to themselves. And of the old-time Quakers it might be said, in the words of George Herbert:

"Who is the honest man?
He who doth still and strongly good pursue;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unfix or wrench from giving all their due."

Dorothy King.

---

1. Re-write paragraph 9, giving Lamb's description of the Quakers in your own words.

2. "Pennsylvania" means "Penn's Wood". Its capital is the great city of Philadelphia. Find out the meaning of "Philadelphia", and you will see how appropriate the name is.

3. Insert the missing prepositions in the following:

(*a*) Penn has become reconciled — his father.
His second statement cannot be reconciled — his first.

(*b*) John compared his notes — mine.
He compared the little girl's cheeks — roses.

4. The adverb *gaily* is formed from the adjective *gay*. Form adverbs from the adjectives: *dry*, *shy*, *coy*, *merry*, *true*.

5. Analyse the third sentence of the first paragraph.

The Happy Man

1. How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

2. Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied unto the world with care
Of princely love or vulgar breath;

3. Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

4. Who envieth none whom chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

5. Who late and early God doth pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
Who entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

6. This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639).

1. This poem was written in Shakespeare's time, when many words had meanings different from their present-day meanings. Find out the exact meaning here of: *still* (verse 2, line 2), *vulgar* (verse 2, line 4), *entertains* (verse 5, line 3).

2. What does the poet mean by saying:
(*a*) That the happy man, though he has nothing, "yet hath all"; (*b*) that he is "Lord of himself"?

A Melting Story

1. One winter evening a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State (Vermont) was closing up for the night; and, while standing in the snow outside, putting up the window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within seize a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hide it in his hat.

2. The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon; and a very few minutes later found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a merry sort of torture.

3. "I say, Seth," said he, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his feet. Seth had his hand on the door; his hat on his head; and the roll of butter in his hat; and was anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

4. "I say, Seth, sit down. I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this a little of something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain. He had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the thought of a good, warm drink sadly interfered with his resolution to go.

5. This hesitation was settled by the owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and



SETH BECOMES FIDGETY

planting him in a seat close to the stove. Here he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out. And right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

6. "Seth, we'll have a little warm ginger wine," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit; "without it you'd freeze going out in such a night as this."

7. Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair; and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have had something warm, Seth. Come, I've got a story to tell you."

And Seth was again rushed into his seat by the cunning tormentor.

8. "Oh, it's so hot here," said the thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down—don't be in such a hurry."

"But I've got the cows to fodder and the wood to split—I must be going."

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself easy. You appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

9. The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot ginger wine, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would

have made the hair stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

10. "Seth, I will give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such absolute simplicity that Seth believed himself unsuspected.

11. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted—eh? I tell you it's the greatest in creation. And, Seth, don't you ever use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste it with. Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your ginger."

12. Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was sealed up, as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow.

13. Talking away as if nothing were the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

14. "Cold night, this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm. Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed Seth at last. "No! I must go! Let me out! I'm not well! Let me go!"

15. A greasy cataract was now pouring down the man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

16. "Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous storekeeper—"if you will go!" And adding, as he started out of the door: "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninepence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

Mark Twain (*Sam. Clemens*).

---

1. Is there anything peculiar about the title of this lesson?

2. Suppose that a boy who is very fond of animals goes to school one day with a mouse in his pocket. It escapes to the floor. Describe the scene.

3. The proprietor of a circus once marked his doors, **Exit In** and **Exit Out**. What mistake did he make? How should they have been marked?

4. Do you see the joke in paragraph 10?

5. How was Seth's mouth "sealed up" (par. 12)?

6. Write sentences to show the exact meaning of: *perspire* (par. 14), *expire*, *aspire*, *inspire*, *conspire*.

7. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) "The thought of a good, warm drink sadly interfered with his resolution to go."

(*b*) "Seth believed himself unsuspected."

8. Analyse paragraph 13.

Home-thoughts, from the Sea

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and grey;
"Here and here did England help me; how can I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray;
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning (1812–1889).

Cape St. Vincent, a cape on the south-west coast of Portugal, is famous for the victory gained there over the Spanish fleet in 1797, by the British under Sir John Jervis.

Cadiz is a seaport of Spain. Drake burnt all the shipping in the harbour there in 1587. The town was taken by Essex in 1596.

Cape Trafalgar, in the south-west of Spain, where, in 1805, Lord Nelson won his famous victory.

Gibraltar, a British fortress on the Spanish mainland, was taken by Sir George Rooke in 1704, and has withstood many attempts at recapture by the Spaniards and French.

---

1. What point in common have all the four places mentioned in this little poem, and to what question does the sight of them give rise?

2. What is "Jove's planet"?

One Good Turn

Part I

1. Steth Porter was on his way to the beach in the hope of spearing some fish for supper, but as he left the forest edge he saw something—some animals—moving on the timber-strewn sands about a mile from him. What the creatures were he could not make out, but there were two adults, evidently the parents, and three small cubs.

2. Whatever they were, they were behaving strangely, the parents and two of the cubs running back and forth, while the third cub appeared to have found something which pleased him, for he would not leave it. Possibly they were playing some kind of game, but since the tide was rising, Steth had no time to waste if he were to get down to the low-water lagoons.

3. So the man began his fishing, and soon forgot the strange animals, but chance took him in their direction, and when next he looked up they were still in sight. Evidently they had seen him, for the parents were in great distress. First one and then the other would stand over the cub, then move towards the bush, looking round for him to follow, and when he did not do so the parents would return for another effort.

4. Steth, at any rate, knew that the reason why it did not follow was because it could not. What

was holding it he could not as yet see, but he hurried up to investigate. The parents made off as he drew near, and he could hear their queru-



lous, grunting squeals answering those of the cub long after they had gone from view.

5. It was an unexpected scene which met Steth's eyes. On the wet sands, which were trodden into a puddle all round him, was a baby

racoon.[1] One of its forepaws was held, as though in a steel trap, by a giant oyster. Evidently the cub had thrust its forepaw into the gaping shell, which instantly had closed and trapped it.

6. The man reached down, taking the cub in one hand and the oyster in the other. So firmly was the oyster anchored that Steth could not dislodge it till he took his knife and severed the anchor. Then he managed to lever the shell open, but the young 'coon's paw was completely crushed.

7. Steth saw that to let the little animal go in its mangled state would be cruel, so he took it home, amputated the useless member, stitched up the stump, and having fed the 'coon on condensed milk, put it to bed in a box near the stove.

8. Next morning Mrs. Porter peered into the box and announced that the 'coon was breathing evenly. Four days later it was hobbling about the cabin on three legs. The stump was almost healed, and the little animal was in good spirits. He spent the fifth morning rummaging about the cabin. On the sixth he climbed to the curtain pole and brought down the whole concern, and on the seventh he was hobbling after his mistress about the homestead as she attended to her duties.

9. He managed to get on wonderfully well without the missing leg. Much of his time he

[1] An American animal about the size of a fox, but with many bear-like habits.

spent on the roof of the cabin, and it so happened that a swarm of wild honey bees had their nest on the sunny side of the stone chimney. Little Monty, as they called him, could smell the honey, and he worried about that nest for two whole days. On the third day he tried to dislodge it, and was stung on the tip of his nose by the queen of all the bees. At this he fled, crying, into the house, but after Mrs. Porter had rubbed his nose with the blue-bag, he sat a while thinking it out.

10. Then Monty resolutely climbed back to the roof of the cabin, and once more attacked the bees' nest. This time he dislodged the whole structure; but thanks to his thick, bear-like fur, and the fact that he had sense to keep his stump firmly pressed against his nose, he was not stung again. The nest fell to the ground, and for one luxurious hour Monty lived, munching, swallowing, munching!

---

1. Write a short dialogue between the mother 'coon and the cub that was caught by the oyster.

2. *Stead* means *place*. What exactly is a *homestead*, a *roadstead*, a *steading*?

3. How does a lagoon differ from an ordinary lake?

4. What lesson did Monty learn from his first visit to the bees' nest?

5. "He dislodged the whole structure" (par. 10). Find in another paragraph a more homely expression which means the same thing.

6. Explain each of the following words, and use them in sentences: *investigate*, *querulous*, *severed*, *amputated*.

7. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 6.

One Good Turn

Part II

1. A day or two later Steth was at his work when he heard a sound which at first he took to be the hooting of an owl. He was surprised at this, for there were not many owls in that part of Canada. Guided by the sound, Steth ambled into the woods, and found Monty, seated in the fork of a basswood,[1] six feet from the ground, staring towards its extremity, the stump of his missing paw firmly pressed against his nose.

2. Evidently he could not climb any higher, so he sat and howled. Steth was about to drag the little rascal down, when he perceived a ceaseless stream of bees pouring back and forth through a hole ten feet or so above Monty's head. Honey? Yes, more honey!

3. Steth thought they might as well have their share of the loot this time, so after sunset he went back to the basswood. With his axe he cut a hole through its outer shell near the base; then, lighting a torch of paper, he thrust it in, and the rotten pulp inside the tree began to smoulder. When the grey smoke began to creep out of the hole, Steth felled the rotten trunk.

4. As it fell it split open, and Steth saw, to his delight, that the tree was veritably full of honey.

[1] The American lime-tree.



MONTY LOCATES ANOTHER BEES' NEST

His wife soon came along to lend a hand, and when they had taken the best of the honey—and without a sting, since all the bees were stupefied by the smoke—there was still enough clinging to the wood to provide an excellent meal for Monty.

5. Mrs. Porter strained the honey into jars, and luck was with them, for it happened that a few days later a party of tourists chanced to be passing, and called for a meal. They were treated to some of the honey, and one of the men, a prosperous provision merchant, was much interested in it. He said it was the best he had ever tasted, and before leaving he informed Mrs. Porter that he would be prepared to purchase as much honey as she could provide.

6. The following day was a Sunday, and the two took Monty for a walk into the woods. They found no less than four bees' nests within a half-mile radius of the cabin, and to each of them Monty had led them without a waver from the direct path!

7. Thus the distant provision merchant received his first consignment, and his cheque came by return, together with a note to the effect that he hoped for more. The amount was equal to last year's total earnings from the ranch, and on the receipt of it the two young people sat in silence and gazed at the cub.

8. So far Monty had, on each occasion, been rewarded for his find by being left to clean up the

litter after they had taken the bulk. This was really good pay, but apparently he himself did not think that the reward was good enough, and a day or two later Steth, busy with his hoe, heard the familiar owl call not eighty yards away. There, sure enough, was another bees' nest in a hollow tree, at the foot of which sat Monty.

9. Ten minutes later Steth and his wife were busily at work gathering the honey, and neither of them noticed that the cub had sauntered off, which was quite contrary to his usual habit when there was honey about. Possibly he had found another nest which he could reach, for there was not a sound of him.

10. So the two went home; and there, on the table, sat Monty, his head enveloped in the last wooden bucket which Mrs. Porter had been in the act of filling. He was covered with honey all over.

11. There is not much more to tell. Those who live in that part of the world have at least heard of Coon Brand Honey, sold in tins, in jars, and in wooden buckets, and obtainable at any provision store. But there are not many who know how the prosperous bee ranch, now covering many acres, came into existence.

From "The Golden Book of Animal Stories", by H. Mortimer Batten.

1. Tell any story you have heard which illustrates the saying: "One good turn deserves another." (For example, "Androcles and the Lion".)

2. Why did the Porters call their honey the Coon Brand?

3. The words *ambled* (par. 1) and *sauntered* (par. 9) refer to different styles of *walking*. Find out other two or three words also referring to walking.

4. Suggest simpler, more homely words for: *extremity* (par. 1), *veritably* (par. 4), *consignment* (par. 7).

5. Write sentences to show the difference between: *cheque* (par. 7), and *check*; *receipt* (par. 7), and *recipe*.

6. In paragraph 7, line 4, the word *more* is an adjective of Quantity. (The word *honey* is understood.) In the sentence, "They found more nests", *more* is an adjective of **Number**, or a **Numeral** adjective. Write sentences to show each of the following adjectives used in both ways: *some*, *all*, *no*, *any*.

7. Analyse the first sentence of paragraph 5.



Rain in Summer

1. How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

2. Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars,
The rain, the welcome rain!

. . . .

3. From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain,
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoky soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

H. W. Longfellow (1807–1882).

---

1. Make up a few lines of poetry about, "Rain in November". (You might begin, "How dreary is the rain!")

2. *Dilated* means *spread.* What do you think of verse 5, line 4 now?

3. Explain each of the following: "mimic fleets", "smoky soil", "furrowed land". (A *furlong* used to mean *the length of a furrow.* What does it mean now?)

4. To what does the poet compare (*a*) the rain on the roof; (*b*) the rain in the gutter; (*c*) the plain?

A Boat Race

Part I

1. At last the fateful hour struck, and they left the tavern. Walking down to Cox's, they found Harry guarding their boat with unlessened hopefulness.

"Last course, sir!" he muttered cheerfully, as Forbes stepped in. "Another little trip, and then you'll have the pleasure of beating the Ryecroft record."

2. "Hope so," said Forbes hardly. At that moment he had no hope at all, but he would not depress his crew. He felt tired—he felt nervous. He doubted his lasting powers—he doubted everything. But once his feet were in the straps and the good ash pole in his hands, he felt better. The "needle" was still there, but it did not prick too deep.

3. "Shove her out, Harry!" he commanded, and the boatman obeyed. In all the glory of their green-and-white—in all the glory of their present achievements—the Ryecroft First crew sat upright in their craft, awaiting the orders of their cox. And he? Oh, Errol! *He* wouldn't have changed jobs with the Prime Minister just then. And not a bad judge, either!

4. "Forward all! Ready? Paddle!" And

the Ryecroft four swept steadily, with three or four easies, up to the starting-point. They found their opponents (Buddon City) turning their boat. Errol waited politely till they were at rest, and then followed suit. They backed down till the man in the stake-boat could grasp their rudder. Then they waited.

5. "Get forward—half forward, you men!" said Forbes in a strained voice. "Let's get it over!"

"All right, old man!" said Streeter, grinning over his shoulder. "We'll take the pot home—don't you worry!"

"Touch her, two!" said Errol sharply, and "two" obeyed. Buddon were occupied with similar manœuvres. Presently the voice of the starter on the bank reached them. It sounded curiously remote.

6. "I shall ask if you're ready. If I get no answer, I shall fire the pistol."

No reply. "Half a stroke, bow!" said the Buddon cox, and Forbes gritted his teeth at the delay. If only they would start!

"Are you ready?" came from the bank. An enormous pause—a terrible and complete silence. Then *bang!* and the race had started.

7. Ryecroft began like a book. Half a stroke dug through with the arms alone—three-quarter stroke—then the full, beautiful, powerful swing and drive of the legs and back muscles, working rhythmically and true. "Reach—Out—And—

ROW!" screamed Errol, more from a sense of duty and custom than anything else, for the whole crew were excellently together, and had got a perfect start.

8. Buddon were not so lucky—or so stylish, and after a dozen strokes the Ryecroft boat led by half a canvas. Forbes, right as rain now that work had begun, glanced out and was pleased. A good beginning anyway; but there was a lot to do yet. Buddon were considerably heavier. The question was, would their lasting powers be as good, or their style? Time would show.

9. Down the racecourse reach the heavier metal told, and Buddon regained that half-canvas. But Quin, rowing with judgment, refused to be hurried; it was not necessary yet to quicken; or to call on the man behind him for a spurt. Even as he was deciding this, Buddon quickened. The bend of the course, too, was in their favour. Later on—after Sevel Bridge—the river curved sharply, and Ryecroft automatically would recover the lost ground.

10. But it is hard to see a boat come up hand over fist and begin to draw away without doing something to counter it. Quin knew this and steeled himself to be patient. Errol backed him up.

"Keep it LONG!" he screamed. "Swing OUT, and keep it LONG!"



THE BOAT RACE

1. Write a short description of any specially interesting race or match that you have seen.

2. Who do you think was the captain of the Ryecroft crew? Give reasons for your answer.

3. What do you think the last sentence of paragraph 2 means?

4. There are various forms of sentences: Statements, questions, commands, exclamations. Find an example of each kind on page 85.

5. Explain each of the following: "the good ash pole" (par. 2), "it sounded curiously remote" (par. 5), "the heavier metal told" (par. 9).

6. What is meant by saying the boat came up "hand over fist" (par. 10)? Explain the following "handful" of expressions: Hands down. Hands up! Hands off! Hand to hand. Second-hand. A high hand. A cool hand. An old hand.

A Boat Race

Part II

1. And they did. Buddon was a canvas to the good now—half a length to the good—a length! There was daylight between the boats, thanks to that wretched curve and the adult weight. On they swept, unheeding the droning roar that came persistently from either bank. Sevel bridge was reached at last—at last! Here Errol was the one who had to school himself, for Ryecroft had drawn the hard arch side, and skilful coxing was vital to success. A foot wrong either way

and the oars would strike the arch. And then, good-bye to the Grand!

2. "*I'll do it! I'll do it!*" Errol's brain was hammering to himself. Yet he knew that it was not an uncommon thing for the best of coxes to scrape the arch, even when the stream ran slowly. And to-day there was a slight flood—a swifter current than usual—necessitating more rudder work.

3. "I'll do it! I'll *do* it!" swore Errol, as the bridge loomed large and menacing. Another moment, and—Whoop! from the bank (Town was backing School against the outsiders, of course): Errol had done it—a perfect arch! Quin spared him a grin of congratulation, but no more. Now was the time for a spurt, and soon the curve would give them back their due. "Now!" grunted Quin, and Errol screamed again: "PICK HER UP! SCHOOL!"

4. Quin quickened, and his men loyally, though gaspingly, obeyed. Suddenly Errol spied a new move on the part of Buddon. The course was not buoyed, and their opponents were two and a half lengths ahead—helped by their arch and their early curve. Now they were coming across for a double purpose—to cut the corner and give Ryecroft their wash. Errol gave final proof that he had a brain as well as hands.

5. "Quicker!" he screamed to Quin. The stroke glanced out and obeyed. "PICK HER UP!" screamed Errol once more. "ALL YOU

KNOW! GIVE IT HER!" With a supreme effort those weary great-hearted men picked it up. As if by magic a length was wiped away. Buddon saw the danger and tried to respond. No—their training had not been so searching. And here was the curve—"QUICKER!" screamed Errol once more, and yet again they obeyed that judicious slave-driver. Putting all they had (and a bit over) into that mighty effort, the Ryecroft boat began to come up hand over fist.

6. Splendid! oh, splendid! The Buddon cox groaned as he saw the inevitable. Unless he went back to his own water, Ryecroft would be claiming a foul within a brace of shakes. Wisely, but with dire reluctance, he put his rudder on and went across—back, back to where he belonged. And now, secure in their sacred territory, Ryecroft came into their own. The curve—that glorious curve—of its own free will gave them again a goodly length at least, and more. They were leading now—just leading. Could they hang on?

7. The finish was barely eighty yards away. *Could* they? Quin was all out—Streeter was panting horribly—Sharp's eyes were glassy, but glued loyally on Streeter's back—Forbes had bitten his lip in his extremity, and blood was trickling on his zephyr. *Could* they hold out?

"*Now!*" gasped Quin to his cox. With worshipping amazement, Errol sounded the final slogan.

"NOW, Ryecroft! PICK HER UP!"

8. That ultimate spurt will live in Ryecroft history. Keyte, even to this day, talks of it almost with tears in his eyes. Quin found somewhere



somewhere—an unused drachm of energy or will-power, and raised his rate by three strokes more per minute.. And his crew backed him up with automatic loyalty. Their legs were gone—their backs were gone—their lungs—their eyes! But their hearts remained, and that was enough.

9. BANG!

"*Ah-h-h-h!*" groaned Quin, bowing forward over his oar in agony. Streeter leaned back, helpless and done to the world. Sharp nearly—but not quite—fainted. Forbes could hardly see. Errol (and one can excuse him, seeing that he was in the Third) suddenly felt his eyes fill with tears. He brushed them impatiently aside.

"Did we do it?" groaned Quin, still bowed and ignorant.

"Rather!" gasped Errol. "The Grand! The Grand, Quin! *The Grand!*"

From "The Ryecroft Rivals", by Richard Bird.

---

1. Write a short description of the race, from a spectator's point of view.

2. Who are the *cox*, the *stroke*, and the *bow* in a boat? If you study both parts of this story carefully, you will be able to place all the five men in the Ryecroft boat. Try it.

3. Here are three more metaphors: (*a*) "A length was *wiped away*" (par. 5); (*b*) "Errol's brain was *hammering* to himself" (par. 2); (*c*) "Sharp's eyes were *glued* on Streeter's back" (par. 7). Explain them.

4. Why are there so many sentences in italics and in capitals in this lesson?

5. Suggest other words having the same meaning as: *coxing*, *menacing*, *reluctance*, *ultimate*, *automatic*.

6. What is meant by saying that the Buddon cox "saw the inevitable" (par. 6)?



THE ROAD TO CAMELOT: FROM "THE LADY OF SHALOTT"

From the painting by G. H. Boughton, R.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool



The Road to Camelot

In his romantic poem, *The Lady of Shalott*, Tennyson takes us back to the days of King Arthur and his Knights. The poem describes how a lovely lady lives alone in a castle on the Island of Shalott. She dare not look forth from the window, for if she should do so some mysterious curse would fall, but in the mirror before her she sees what passes in the world without.

"And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
    Winding down to Camelot:

"There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,
And the red cloaks of the market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An Abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot.

"And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott."

One day the great Sir Lancelot passed singing. The lady left her loom and went to the window to see him. With that the mirror cracked. "The curse is come upon me," cried the Lady of Shalott. Then in a boat named *The Lady of Shalott* she drifted down the river, "singing her last song", and the current brought her, dead, to the lighted palace of Lancelot. The knights crossed themselves for fear.

"But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

---

1. Read these verses aloud, and you will hear how musical they are.

2. "The surly village churls." Is Tennyson quite fair to the villagers here?

3. What is meant by saying that Lancelot "mused a little space"?

A Cattle-drive

Part I

1. After a 6.30 breakfast this morning, we started, the party being composed of my host, a hunter from the Snowy Range, two stockmen from the Plains, one of whom rode a violent buck-jumper, and was said by his comrade to be the "best rider in North Americay", and myself. We were all mounted on Mexican saddles; rode, as the custom is, with light snaffle bridles, leather guards over our feet, and broad wooden stirrups, and each carried his lunch in a pouch slung on the lassoing horn of his saddle. Four big, badly-trained dogs accompanied us.

2. It was a ride of nearly thirty miles, and of many hours, one of the most splendid I ever took. We never got off our horses except to tighten the girths; we ate our lunch with our bridles knotted over our saddle-horns; and started over the level at full gallop. We leapt over trunks of trees, dashed madly down hillsides rugged with rocks or strewn with great stones; forded deep, rapid streams; saw lovely lakes and views of surpassing magnificence; and started a herd of elk with uncouth heads and monstrous antlers.

3. In the chase, which for some time was unsuccessful, we rode to the very base of Long's Peak, over 14,000 feet high, where the bright

waters of one of the tributary streams of the Platte burst from the eternal snows through a canyon of indescribable majesty. The sun was hot, but at a height of over 8000 feet the air was crisp and frosty, and the enjoyment of riding a good horse under such exhilarating circumstances was extreme.

4. In one wild part of the ride we had to come down a steep hill, thickly wooded with pitch-pines, to leap over the fallen timber, and steer between the dead and living trees to avoid being "snagged", or bringing down a heavy dead branch by an unwary touch.

5. Emerging from this, we caught sight of a thousand Texan cattle feeding in a valley below. While we were above them, and about a mile away, the leaders scented us, and, taking fright, began to move off in the direction of the open "park". "Head them off, boys!" our leader shouted. "All aboard! Hark away!" And with something of the "Hi! tally-ho in the morning!" away we all went down-hill at a hand-gallop.

6. I could not hold my excited animal. Down-hill! Up-hill! Leaping over rocks and timber! The pace grew faster every moment, and still the leader shouted: "Go it, boys!" The horses dashed on at racing speed, passing and re-passing each other, till my small but beautiful bay was keeping pace with the immense strides of the great buck-jumper ridden by "the finest



rider in North Americay", and I was dizzied and breathless by the pace at which we were going.

7. A shorter time than it takes to tell it brought us close to and abreast of the surge of cattle. The bovine waves were a grand sight. Huge bulls, shaped like buffaloes, bellowed and roared, and with great oxen and cows with yearling calves, galloped like racers, and we felt like infantry

awaiting the shock of cavalry as we stood as still as our excited horses would allow.

8. I almost quailed as the surge came on; but, when it got close to us, my comrades hooted fearfully, and we dashed forward with the dogs; and, with bellowing, roaring, and thunder of hoofs, the wave receded as it came.

9. I rode up to our leader, who received me with much laughter. He said I was "a good cattleman", and that he had forgotten that a lady was of the party till he saw me "come leaping over the timber and driving with the others".

---

1. Write a short conversation between a Rancher, a Dairy Farmer, and a Grain Farmer, each praising his own particular branch of farming.

2. Where do you learn for the first time that the person who is telling the story is a woman?

3. Study carefully the second and third sentences of paragraph 2. This type of sentence is very effective, if used judiciously, and not overdone. Notice how specially effective the third sentence is.

4. Explain each of the following: "The eternal snows" (par. 3); "yearling calves" (par. 7); "bovine waves" (par. 7). *Bovine* refers to *cattle.* Find the similar words referring to *horses*, *dogs*, *cats*, *pigs*.

5. Write sentences to show the correct use of: *receded* (par. 8), *proceeded*, *preceded*, *succeeded.*

6. Analyse the third sentence of paragraph 7, and the first sentence of paragraph 8.

A Cattle-drive

Part II

1. It was not for two hours after this that the real business of driving began, and I was obliged to change my thoroughbred for a well-trained cattle-horse—a *broncho*, which could double like a hare and go over any ground.

2. I had not expected to work like a *vachero*[1]; but so it was, and my Hawaiian experience was very useful. We hunted the various canyons and known "camps", driving the herds out of them; and until, some hours afterwards, we had secured 850 head in the *corral*, we scarcely saw each other to speak to.

3. Our first difficulty was with a herd which got into some swampy ground; for then a cow, which afterwards gave me an infinity of trouble, remained at bay for nearly an hour, tossing the dog three times, and resisting all efforts to dislodge her. She had a large yearling calf with her, and Evans told me that the attachment of a cow to her first calf is sometimes so great that she will kill her second that the first may have the milk.

4. I got a herd of over a hundred out of a cañyon by myself, and drove them down to the river with the aid of one badly-broken dog, which

[1] cattle-man.

gave me more trouble than the cattle. The getting over was most troublesome; a few took to the water readily and went across, but others smelt it, and then, doubling back, ran in various directions, while some attacked the dog as he was swimming.

5. Others, after crossing, headed back in search of some favourite companions which had been left behind, and one specially vicious cow attacked my horse over and over again. It took an hour and a half of time and much patience to gather them all on the other side.

6. It was getting late in the day, and a snow-storm was impending, before I was joined by the other drivers and herds. The drivers had diminished to three, with only three dogs, so it was very difficult to keep the cattle together.

7. You drive them as gently as possible, so as not to frighten or excite them, riding first on one side, then on the other, to guide them; and if they deliberately go in a wrong direction, you gallop in front and head them off.

8. The great excitement is when one breaks away from the herd and gallops madly up and down hill, and you gallop after him anywhere, over and among rocks and trees, doubling when he doubles, and heading him till you get him back again. The bulls were quite easily managed, but the cows with calves, old or young, were most troublesome. By accident I rode between one cow and her calf, in a narrow place, and the



cow rushed at me, and was just getting her big horns under the horse, when he reared and spun dexterously aside. This kind of thing happened continually.

9. There was one very handsome red cow which became quite mad. She had a calf with her nearly her own size, and thought everyone its enemy; and though its horns were well developed,

and it was quite able to take care of itself, she insisted on protecting it from all fancied dangers. One of the dogs, a young, foolish thing, seeing that the cow was excited, took a foolish pleasure in barking at her, and she was eventually quite infuriated.

10. She turned to bay forty times at least; tore up the ground with her horns, tossed the great hunting dogs, and tossed and killed the calves of two other cows. Finally, she became so dangerous to the rest of the herd that, just as the drive was ending, Evans drew his revolver and shot her; and the calf, for which she had fought so blindly, lamented her piteously.

11. She rushed at me several times, mad with rage; but these trained cattle-horses keep perfectly cool, and, nearly without will on my part, mine jumped aside at the right moment, and foiled the assailant.

12. Just at dusk we reached the corral—an acre of grass enclosed by stout post-and-rail fences seven feet high. By much patience and some subtlety we lodged the whole herd within its shelter, without a blow, a shout, or even a crack of a whip, wild as the cattle were. It was fearfully cold. We galloped the last mile and a half in four and a half minutes, reached the cabin just as snow began to fall, and found strong, hot tea ready.

From "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains", by Isabella Bird.

1. Suppose you yourself had taken part in this cattle-drive. Write a letter to a friend, giving a short account of it.

2. What is meant by (*a*) a "thoroughbred" (par. 1); (*b*) a "badly-broken dog" (par. 4)?

3. *Galloped* is the past tense of *gallop*, *developed* of *develop*. What is the past tense of: *drop*, *step*, *trip*? Can you give any reason for these three being different from the first two?

4. Find words that mean the opposite of: *vicious* (par. 5); *diminished* (par. 6); *dexterously* (par. 8). Use them in sentences.

5. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) The broncho could *double* like a hare (par. 1).

(*b*) The cow remained *at bay* (par. 3).

(*c*) The cow fought *blindly* for its calf (par. 10).

(*d*) My horse *foiled* the *assailant* (par. 11).

6. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 3.

The Sheep and the Goat

1. The thousand streets of London grey
   Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
   In depths of summer nights.

2. And here and there an open spot,
   Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
   They call the place a park.

3. Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
Or crop the grass amain.

4. And from dark alley, yard, and den,
In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
The little human goats.

5. In Regent's Park, one cloudless day,
An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
A panting woollen heap.

6. But help is nearer than we know
For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
A quick-eyed urchin came.

7. Little he knew of field or fold,
Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
Its rents were small—good-hap!

8. Shaping the rim and crown he went,
Till crown from rim was deep,
The water gushed from pore and rent;

Before he came, one-half was spent—
The other saved the sheep.

9. O, little goat, born, bred in ill,
Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
In London dry and lorn.

10. And let priests say the thing they please,
My hope, though very dim,
Thinks He will say Who always sees,
In doing it to one of these
Thou didst it unto Him.

George MacDonald (1824–1905).

---

1. Is it quite kind to call the little ragged boy a "goat"? Can you suggest any reason for it?

2. "Hotness" (verse 5). What do you think of this word? Why does the poet use it?

3. What does "good-hap" mean at the end of verse 7?

4. What word do the adjectives *dry* and *lorn* (verse 9) qualify?



The Great Winter

Part I

1. It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of cóvering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles' men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And here it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways and the watercourses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used.

2. However, we trudged along in a line; I first, and the other men after me; trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. Most of all, John Fry was groaning; certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife, and blessings to his children.

3. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large; for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas; only that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction.

4. Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which

took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places. In the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now



and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering, and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

5. But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow

drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house.

6. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again, the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring bones, or the seams of sand where the tide had been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting pitiless arrows, winged with murky white, and pointed with the barbs of frost.

7. But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far at least as the weather permitted any sight at all); yet for us, with our flock beneath it, this great mount had but little charm.

8. Watch began to search at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there, and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and fetching it into the meadow.

9. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft snow, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him. At last



WINTER

From the painting by Anton Mauve in the Manchester City Art Gallery

we drove our tunnels in, and, all converging towards the middle, held our tools and listened.

10. The other men heard nothing at all; or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself, you pie-crusts;" and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen; and the least drop of English blood is worth the best of any other, when it comes to lasting out.

11. But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber; and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah," coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit "Fighting Tom", the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London, and been so glad to see me.

12. And then we all fell to again; and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, and with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then Fighting Tom jumped up at last, and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

13. Farther in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we

found all the rest of the poor sheep, packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their breath, and the moisture from their wool had scooped, as it were, a coved room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. The churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier hoggets[1] were dead, from want of air, and from pressure; but more than three score were as lively as ever; though cramped and stiff for a little while.

---

1. Write a description of a Skating Holiday, or a Skating Accident, real or imaginary.

2. What fine compliment does the writer pay his countrymen in this lesson?

3. Look at the last sentence of paragraph 6. This is an example of what is called **Inversion.** Re-write the sentence, putting the words in their usual order. What do you think is the effect of the inversion?

4. John Fry was "certain that his time was come" (par. 2). What does this mean?

5. "Might and main" (par. 8). These two words mean the same thing; but our language contains several cases of words that seem always to "hunt in couples". For example, "use and wont". Can you find any others?

6. What was it that made the men "grip their shovels" (par. 10)?

7. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 11. (A *wether* is a male sheep.)

[1] Hogget, a sheep two years old.

The Great Winter

Part II

1. "However shall we get them home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down. "No manner of meaning to drive 'em through all these great drifts."

2. "You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us: "let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they be. Watch, here, boy, keep them!"

3. Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty; and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow cave. All the sheep sidled away, and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine: whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

4. Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest. And with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheep-fold, and set them inside and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder



each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening.

5. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me, as the struggle grew harder; but rather would I die than yield; and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day; but none can tell what the labour was, who have not felt that snow and wind.

6. Of the sheep upon the mountain, and the sheep upon the western farm, and the cattle on the upper burrows, scarcely one in ten was saved;

do what we would for them. And this was not through any neglect, but from the pure impossibility of finding them at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights; and then, when all the earth was filled, and the topmost hedges were unseen, and the trees broke down with the weight of the snow, a brilliant sun broke forth and showed how impossible it was for us to go about our usual daily tasks.

7. All our house was quite snowed up, except where we had cleared a way, by dint of constant shovellings. The kitchen was as dark as, and darker than, the cider-cellar, and long lines of furrows ran even up to the chimney-stacks. Several windows fell right inwards, through the weight of the snow against them; and the few that stood bulged in, and bent like an old bruised lanthorn.

8. We were obliged to cook by candle-light; we were forced to read by candle-light; as for baking, we could not do it, because the oven was too chill; and a load of faggots only brought a little wet down the sides of it.

9. For when the sun burst forth at last upon that world of white, what he brought was neither warmth, nor cheer, nor hope of softening; only a clearer shaft of cold, from the violet depths of sky.

10. That night, such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of, neither read of in ancient books, nor histories. The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; many men

were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound, which I had never heard before, neither have I heard since (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees, burst open by the frost-blow.

11. Our great walnut lost three branches, and has been dying ever since; though growing meanwhile, as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash trees. But why should I tell all this? The people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces, and disbelieve; till such another frost comes; which perhaps may never be.

From "Lorna Doone", by R. D. Blackmore (1825–1900).

1. Tell what you remember of any strong man you have ever heard or read of.

2. The story from which these two lessons are taken is one of the finest in our language. The "I" of the lesson is John Ridd, the hero of the story. What do paragraphs 4 and 5 tell us about him? Name one or two other famous Johns that you have read about, in history or in literature.

3. "Sixty and six I took home in that way" (par. 4). What is the effect of the inversion here?

4. Try to explain the first sentence of the last paragraph.

5. "Lanthorn" (par. 7). What is the modern form of this word? Can you account for the old form?

6. Write sentences to show the difference between: *meddle* and *medal*, *ceased* and *seized*, *cellar* and *seller*.

7. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 5.

A Cricket Bowler

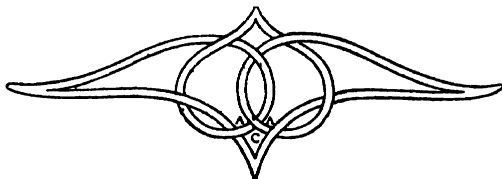
Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in!
The tired arms lie, with every sinew slack,
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.

Two minutes only! Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick can scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumed the game;
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump turns somersaults in air.

Edward Cracroft Lefroy.

---

1. What is the special meaning of "apt" in line 4?
2. Explain line 6.
3. Which player is referred to in the first part, and which in the second? What happens to the former, and what is meant by saying that he is "conscious of a name"?



In a Diving Dress

A Leaky Helmet

1. In a too eager moment I expressed my desire to take a plunge in the dress, and to this the commander readily agreed. Mariano, the expert diver, however, did his best to dissuade me from my purpose; but his language was not complete enough to explain why; and I disregarded his advice, for which I was very sorry later.

2. I was quickly assisted into the clumsy garments, which were several sizes too big for me; and before I had fully realized my intention, I was hanging over the gunwale waiting to receive the helmet over my head. The lugger had been drifting gently all the time, and a new oyster-bed might have been reached, so I was given the shell-net in case I happened to see something worth picking up.

3. With final injunctions from the commander to "keep on even keel" while descending, the helmet was closed tight, and I was shut off completely from the outside world. I rested over the gunwale helplessly for some seconds, half-choked by the superabundance of rubber-tainted air within my limited prison, then I revived somewhat, and sidled into the water as gently as I could.

4. For a brief space I seemed to descend at



THE DIVER

lightning speed; a blurred vision of green flashed before my eyes; my ears buzzed painfully, and my head felt as if it had suddenly grown too large for the helmet. I had not anticipated these sensations, and would have given much to be safe above once more, but down I had to go whether I would or not. Soon the singing in my ears became less violent, and it seemed as if my rapid downward course had been considerably checked.

5. The wall of green appeared no longer as a quivering vision, and the rhythmic pulsations of the pumps sounded distinctly through the tubing. I felt that all was well again, and was beginning to congratulate myself, when I suddenly began to revolve, my feet remaining as a centre, around which my head described a circle. After a few moments of this unpleasant kind of performance I did not know which end of me was uppermost, and I gasped and spluttered and perspired profusely. Then, after an eternity of time, as it seemed, my head bumped gently against a giant mass of coral, and the shock helped to bring back my senses.

6. I found it no easy matter to regain an upright position, and my head bobbed like a football on the coral bottom for some time before I succeeded in my efforts. But the sight that met my gaze then was a sufficient reward for all my sufferings. I stood in the midst of a magnificent marine forest, where graceful coral branches intertwined with less material tendril growths.

Delicate fern-like plants covered the honey-combed snowy rocks, and enormous Neptune's cups appeared here and there among the clinging vegetation. The fronds of the coral palms trembled as if in a gentle breeze, and the more robust growths swayed slowly to and fro.

7. It was as if a luxuriant tropical thicket had been submerged, and yet retained its original grace and beauty. My radius of sight was but a few yards, unfortunately; beyond that all was blurred and indistinct as a picture out of focus. I tried to walk, and at once realized that my limbs would hardly obey my will. The pressure of the water had cramped them so that my movements were simply mechanical, and this at a depth of less than a hundred feet.

8. Shell-fish of all descriptions were scattered around, and among them I observed a solitary pearl-oyster, and I picked it up as if it were of the rarest value and placed it in the net. With much trouble I also succeeded in breaking off a coral branch. Instead of being brittle to the touch, it proved to have all the toughness of the willow.

9. I was preparing to go farther afield in search of treasure when a tug-tug came to the rope encircling my body. I had reached the limit of the line, and the ship was drifting onwards. At the second tug my feet lifted clear of the bottom, and I immediately acquired a horizontal position; then a deadly faintness came over me, and I felt

myself choking. I jerked wildly at the communicating rope, and in a moment I commenced to shoot upwards, whirling round all the while like a spinning minnow.

10. When I reached the surface and was pulled aboard I was more dead than alive, but I was satisfied, nevertheless, to have gone through the ordeal. Mariano surprised me after I had been rescued from the dress by emptying from it several gallons of water.

11. "Helmet leak," he said. "No keep even keel, get drowned. See?" I did see, and marvelled that I had escaped so easily. I still have the coral branch to remind me of my experience.

From "In the Land of Pearl and Gold", by Alexander Macdonald.

---

1. What is a "marine forest" (par. 6)? Who are the Marines, and why are they so called? What is the meaning of the saying, "Tell that to the Marines"?

2. *Dissuade* is the opposite of *persuade*. To dissuade a person is to persuade him *not to do a certain thing*. What is the opposite of *discourage*, of *disable*, and of *discord*?

3. Explain each of the following: "My limited prison" (par. 3); "I had not anticipated these sensations" (par. 4); "a picture out of focus" (par. 7); "my radius of sight was but a few yards" (par. 7); "I acquired a horizontal position" (par. 9).

4. Analyse paragraph 5, sentence 2. Notice the phrase, "my feet remaining as a centre". It has no grammatical connexion with the rest of the sentence, and is therefore called an *absolute* phrase; and the case of the noun *feet* is called the **Nominative absolute.**

A Narrow Escape

1. "The ship So-and-so, bound from such a port, with such and such a cargo, for such another port, having left at such a date, last spoken at sea on such a day, and never having been heard of since, was posted to-day as missing." This information, found in the "Shipping Intelligence" in the newspapers, is the last news about ships that, perhaps wearied with a long struggle, or in some unguarded moment that may come to the readiest of us, had let themselves be overwhelmed by a sudden blow from the enemy.

2. Nobody ever comes back from a "missing" ship to tell how hard was the death of the craft, and how sudden and overwhelming the last anguish of her men. Nobody can say with what thoughts, with what regrets, with what words on their lips they died. And yet sometimes one gets a hint of what the last scene may be like in the life of a ship and her crew.

3. It was on a grey afternoon, in the lull of a three days' gale, that had left the Southern Ocean tumbling heavily upon our ship, under a sky hung with rags of clouds that seemed to have been cut and hacked by the keen edge of a sou'-west gale.

4. Our craft, a Clyde-built barque of 1000 tons, rolled so heavily that something aloft had carried away. No matter what the damage was,



but it was serious enough to cause me to go aloft myself with a couple of hands and the carpenter to see the temporary repairs properly done.

5. Sometimes we had to drop everything and cling with both hands to the swaying spars, holding our breath in fear of a terribly heavy roll. And, wallowing as if she meant to turn over with us, the barque, her decks full of water, her gear flying in bights, ran at some ten knots an hour.

6. We had been driven far south—much farther

that way than we had meant to go; and suddenly, up there in the slings of the foreyard, in the midst of our work, I felt my shoulder gripped with such force in the carpenter's powerful hand that I positively yelled with unexpected pain. The man's eyes stared close in my face, and he shouted: "Look, sir! Look! What's this?" pointing ahead with his other hand.

7. At first I saw nothing. The sea was one empty wilderness of black and white hills. Suddenly, half-concealed in the tumult of the foaming rollers, I made out awash, something enormous, rising and falling—something spread out like a burst of foam, but with a more bluish, more solid look.

8. It was a piece of an ice-floe, melted down to a fragment, but still big enough to sink a ship, and floating lower than any raft, right in our way, as if ambushed among the waves with murderous intent. There was no time to get down on deck. I shouted from aloft till my head was ready to split.

9. I was heard aft, and we managed to clear the sunken floe which had come all the way from the Southern ice-cap to have a try at our unsuspecting lives. Had it been an hour later, nothing could have saved the ship, for no eye could have made out in the dusk that pale piece of ice swept over by the white-crested waves.

10. And as we stood near the taffrail side by side, my captain and I, looking at it, almost out

of sight already but still quite close-to on our quarter, he remarked in a thoughtful tone:

"But for the turn of that wheel just in time, there would have been another case of a 'missing' ship."

From "The Mirror of the Sea", by Joseph Conrad.

1. Write a short composition on: "Getting up on a cold morning".

2. What is the difference between an ice-floe and an ice-berg? And what is the southern ice-cap?

3. What is meant by: (*a*) a couple of *hands* (par. 4); (*b*) a fleet of fifty *sail*; (*c*) Grandmamma has seen eighty *summers*? (Notice that in each of these examples we put the *part* for the *whole*.)

4. What are "temporary" repairs? Can you name the opposite word?

5. Combine the last two sentences of paragraph 8 into a single complex sentence.

Posted as Missing

1. Under all her topsails she trembled like a stag,
The wind made a ripple in her bonny red flag;
They cheered her from the shore and they
cheered her from the pier,
And under all her topsails she trembled like
a deer.

2. So she passed swaying, where the green seas
run,
Her wind-steadied topsails were stately in the
sun:

There was glitter in the water from her red port light,
So she passed swaying, till she was out of sight.

3. Long and long ago it was, a weary time it is,
The bones of her sailor-men are coral plants by this;
Coral plants, and shark-weed, and a mermaid's comb,
And if the fishers net them they never bring them home.

4. It's rough on sailors' women. They have to mangle hard,
And stitch at dungarees till their finger-ends are scarred,
Thinking of the sailor-men who sang among the crowd,
Hoisting of her topsails when she sailed so proud.

John Masefield.

---

1. Imagine that a sailor lad returns home long after his ship has been posted as "Missing". Tell his story.

2. What is the "red port light"?

3. What made the ship tremble like a stag? When would a stag tremble?

4. Verse 3, line 2. Do you believe this? What does the poet mean?

5. Do you think the sailors or the sailors' wives have the rougher time of it?

Miss Matty's Shop

Part I

1. The next morning news came, both official and otherwise, that the Town and County Bank had stopped payment. Miss Matty was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

2. "I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them away; "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know; she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less, and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing."

3. Miss Matty smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears.

It was an example to me, and I fancy it might be to many others, to see how immediately Miss Matty set about the retrenchment which she knew to be right under her altered circumstances. It was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation,

and as soon as this letter was dispatched we began to talk over future plans.

4. Miss Matty's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest, and there to exist quietly upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman, past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living without materially losing her social position, and wondered what in the world Miss Matty could do.

5. Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matty could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little ones in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments, but I had to come down to reading, writing, and arithmetic.

6. In reading the chapter every morning she always coughed before coming to long words. Writing she did well and delicately—but spelling! She seemed to think that the more out-of-the-way this was, and the more trouble it cost her, the greater the compliment she paid to her correspondent. And words that she would spell quite correctly in her letters to me became perfect puzzles when she wrote to my father.

7. No! there was nothing she could teach to the children of Cranford, unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience,

her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha. But when the tea-urn was brought in that afternoon, a new thought came into my head. Why should not Miss Matty sell tea—be an agent to the East India Tea Company which then existed?

8. I could see no objection to this plan, while the advantages were many. Tea was neither sticky nor greasy—grease and stickiness being two of the qualities which Miss Matty could not endure. No shop-window would be required. Neither was tea a heavy article, so as to tax Miss Matty's fragile strength. The only thing against my plan was the buying and selling involved.

9. We were all ready for my father when he came the next morning. I am not going to weary you with the details of all the business we went through. Miss Matty and I sat assenting to accounts, and schemes, and reports, and documents, of which I do not believe we either of us understood a word.

10. After lunch my father told Miss Matty he wanted to talk to me alone, and that he would stroll out and see some of the old places, and then I could tell her what plan we thought desirable.

11. Just before we went out she called me back and said, "Remember, dear, I'm the only one left—I mean, there's no one to be hurt by what



MISS MATTY'S SHOP

I do. I'm willing to do anything that's right and honest; only let me see what I can do, and pay the poor people as far as I'm able."

12. I gave her a hearty kiss and ran after my father. The result of our conversation was this. Miss Matty, with Martha, and Martha's husband Jem, was to live on in her present abode; the sum which the Cranford ladies had (unknown to Miss Matty) agreed to contribute annually being sufficient to meet the greater part of the rent.

13. I then alluded to my idea that she might add to her small income by selling tea; and to my surprise my father grasped at it with all the energy of a tradesman. The small dining-parlour was to be converted into a shop, a table was to be the counter, one window was to be retained unaltered, and the other changed into a glass door.

14. Miss Matty was patient and content with all our arrangements. She knew, she said, that we should do the best we could for her; and she only wished to pay every farthing that she could be said to owe, for her father's sake, who had been so respected in Cranford.

15. When we came to the proposal that she should sell tea, I could see that it was rather a shock to her; not on account of any personal loss of gentility involved, but only because she distrusted her own powers of action in a new line of life. However, when she saw my father was bent upon it, she sighed, and said she would try,

and if she did not do well, of course she might give it up.

16. One good thing about it was, she did not think men ever bought tea; and it was of men particularly she was afraid. They had such sharp loud ways with them; and did up accounts, and counted their change so quickly! Now, if she might only sell comfits to children, she was sure she could please them!

---

1. Suppose someone presented you with £1000. Write a statement of the first half-dozen things you would do with the money.

2. What is meant by saying that a bank has "failed" or "stopped payment"?

3. What does the last sentence of paragraph 6 tell you about Miss Matty?

4. What is meant by "losing her social position" (par. 4)? Find in a later paragraph another phrase with the same meaning.

5. Find words that mean the opposite of: *extravagant, humility, correctly, respected.* Use each of them in a sentence.

6. Look at the third sentence of the lesson. The clause, "that she would have about five shillings a week to live upon", is not a subordinate adjectival clause qualifying *fact*, but a subordinate noun clause in *apposition* to *fact*. This is the most difficult kind of noun clause.

Paragraphs 1, 13, and 15 of this lesson begin with similar sentences. Analyse them.

[Note that all such noun clauses begin with the conjunction *that*, whereas the word *that* frequently seen at the beginning of adjectival clauses is always a relative pronoun.]

Miss Matty's Shop

Part II

1. Before I left Miss Matty at Cranford everything had been comfortably arranged for her. Her sale went off famously. She retained the furniture of her sitting-room and bedroom, and into these two rooms she had to cram all sorts of things, which were (the auctioneer assured her) bought in for her at the sale by an unknown friend. I had expended my own small store in buying all manner of comfits and lozenges, in order to tempt the little people whom Miss Matty loved so much to come about her. Tea in bright green canisters, and comfits in tumblers—Miss Matty and I felt quite proud as we looked round us on the evening before the shop was to be opened.

2. Martha had scoured the boarded floor to a white cleanness, and it was adorned with a brilliant piece of oilcloth, on which customers were to stand before the table-counter. The wholesome smell of plaster and whitewash pervaded the apartment. A very small "Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea", was hidden under the lintel of the new door, and two boxes of tea, with mysterious inscriptions all over them, stood ready to disgorge their contents into the canisters.

3. Miss Matty had had some scruples of con-

science at selling tea when there was already Mr. Johnson in the town, who included it among his various commodities. Before she could quite reconcile herself to the adoption of her new business, she had trotted down to his shop to tell him of the project that was entertained, and inquire if it was likely to injure his business. My father called this idea of hers "great nonsense", and "wondered how tradespeople were to get on if there was to be a continual consulting of each other's interests, which would put a stop to all competition directly".

4. And, perhaps, it would not have done in a great town, but in Cranford it answered very well. For not only did Mr. Johnson kindly put at rest all Miss Matty's scruples and fear of injuring his business, but he repeatedly sent customers to her, saying that the teas he kept were of a common kind, but that Miss Jenkyns had all the choice sorts.

5. I left Miss Matty with a good heart. Her sales of tea during the first two days had surpassed my most hopeful expectations. The whole country round seemed to be all out of tea at once. The only alteration I could have desired in Miss Matty's way of doing business was, that she should not have so plaintively entreated some of her customers not to buy green tea—running it down as slow poison, sure to destroy the nerves, and produce all manner of evil. Their pertinacity in taking it, in spite of all her warnings, dis-

tressed her so much that I really thought she would relinquish the sale of it, and so lose half her custom. But I was happy to find she made more than twenty pounds during the first year by her sales of tea.

6. Moreover, now that she was accustomed to it, she did not dislike the employment, which brought her into kindly intercourse with many of the people round about. If she gave them good weight, they, in their turn, brought many a little country present to the "old rector's daughter"; a cream cheese, a few new-laid eggs, a little fresh ripe fruit, a bunch of flowers. The counter was quite loaded with these offerings sometimes, as she told me.

From "Cranford" by Mrs. Gaskell (1810–1865).

---

1. Write a few sentences giving your opinion of Miss Matty. What do you think of her visit to Mr. Johnson? Was she really a good business woman? If not, how did she succeed so well?

2. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) "Miss Matty had some *scruples of conscience* at selling tea" (par. 3).

(*b*) "The *project* that was *entertained*" (par. 3).

(*c*) "The employment brought her into *kindly intercourse* with many of the people" (par. 6).

3. "The whole country round seemed to be all out of tea at once." How did that happen? Or *did* it happen?

4. Write sentences to show the exact meaning of *pervaded* (par. 2), *invaded*, *evaded*.

5. Analyse the second and third sentences of par. 3.

The Victoria Falls

Part I

1. I resolved on the following day to visit the celebrated falls of the Zambesi. We had often heard of these since we came into the country; indeed, one of the questions asked by Sebituane was: "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?"

2. The Makololo had not ventured near enough to examine them; but, viewing them with awe at a distance, said, in reference to the vapour and noise: "Mosi oa tunya" (smoke sounds there), and had hence given them the name of Mosio-tunya. Previously to this they had been called Shongwe, the meaning of which I conjecture to be "seething caldron"; but I am not certain of it.

3. Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambesi in the heart of the country, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo had done,



David Livingstone

and named them the "Falls of Victoria"—the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country.

4. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai we came in sight of the columns of vapour, rising at a distance of five or six miles. There were five of them, their white bases standing out distinctly against a dark background of wooded hill, while their summits seemed to mingle with the clouds; and, apparently becoming darker as they ascended, made the resemblance to smoke remarkably exact.

5. The whole scene is extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of every variety of colour and form; and, at the period of our visit, several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Here, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree; there, beside it, are groups of graceful palms, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, reminding us by their foreign appearance that we are far away from home.

6. In another spot the silvery mohonono, which resembles the cedar of Lebanon, contrasts with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form was then dotted over with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees, again, resemble the great spreading oak, while others assume the character of our elms and chestnuts.



A Baobab Tree, near the Victoria Falls

7. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, covered with forest, with the red soil appearing here and there among the trees.

8. When about half a mile from the falls I left the canoe by which I had come thus far, and embarked in a lighter one.' This was manned by

natives well acquainted with the rapids; and the men, availing themselves of the eddies and still pools caused by the jutting rocks, brought me to an island in the middle of the river, and on the very edge of the lip over which the water rolls.

9. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the currents which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, otherwise it would have been impossible to reach the spot. From the end of the island where we first landed, though it was within a few yards of the falls, no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, disappearing into a transverse fissure only 80 feet wide.

---

1. Locate the River Zambesi on your map of Africa. Describe any other falls that you have seen or heard of. To what important use is the water-power sometimes put nowadays?

2. "I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo had done." What liberty was that?

3. What is: "The smoke that sounds" (par. 1); "sylvan vegetation" (par. 5); "a transverse fissure" (par. 9)?

4. Paragraphs 5 and 6 are written in the present tense, but in each of them there is one clause written in the past tense. Can you give any reason for this?

5. Suggest other words for: *celebrated* (par. 1); *conjecture* (par. 2); *resemblance* (par. 4).

6. Analyse the closing sentence of the lesson, down to the word *went*.

The Victoria Falls

Part II

1. Creeping with awe to the extremity of the island, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi. I saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards.

2. The falls are simply caused by a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. It is as though the Thames at London were to plunge into a chasm running at right angles to its general course, and were to be carried along some thirty miles in the same direction, seething and roaring between steep banks of black basaltic rock, only a hundred feet apart from each other.

3. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, nothing is visible but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud a great jet of vapour exactly like steam mounted up to a height of 200 or 300 feet; and then, condensing, changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin.



Photo Aircraft Operating Co., Ltd

THE VICTORIA FALLS SEEN FROM THE AIR

An air photograph taken during an aerial survey of the Zambesi, showing the chasm into which the waters plunge and the zigzag gorge along which the river rushes. The island to which Livingstone refers appears in the photograph.

4. From the left of the island the water at the bottom may be seen moving away in a white rolling mass to the prolongation of the fissure. A piece of rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about one hundred feet.

5. The walls of the gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one mass of rock of a dark brown colour. Of the five columns, two on the right and one on the left of the island were the larger, and the streams forming them seemed each to exceed in size the Clyde at Stonebyres, when that river is in flood.

6. At three spots near these falls, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to their gods. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with awe, heightened by the character of mysteriousness with which the whole river is invested. The words of the canoe-song are:

> "The Leeambye! Nobody knows
> Whence it comes and whither it goes."

7. The prismatic colours displayed on the spray, which they had seen elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity. When seen in the heavens the sign is named "the pestle of the gods".

8. Having feasted my eyes long on the beautiful sight, I returned to my friends at Kalai. On the following day I revisited the island in company with Sakeltu, with the double object of ascertaining its position and of planting on it the peach and apricot stones and the coffee-seeds that I had brought with me from the west coast.

9. I selected a spot, not too near the chasm, but somewhat back, and there I planted the stones and seeds. When the garden was prepared I cut my initials on a tree, and the date 1855. This was the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity.

From " A Popular Account of Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa", by David Livingstone.

---

1. What is meant by vapour *condensing*? What is the opposite process called?

2. Name in order the seven colours of the rainbow. If you don't know them, study carefully the next rainbow you see.

3. Write sentences showing the correct use of: *compressed* (par. 1), *expressed*, *impressed*, *depressed*, *suppressed*.

4. Paragraphs 1 and 8 of this lesson begin with what are called **Participial Phrases.** Note that the participles qualify the subject of the sentence. Such sentences must be very carefully written, or the result may be what is called the **Unrelated Participle.** For example, what is wrong with the following:

(*a*) Sailing down the river, the whole town may be seen.

(*b*) Strolling on the beach, the sea breeze cured my headache.



On the Road

1. It is good to be out on the road, and going
one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one
knows not whither nor why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in
the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the
broad blue lift of the sky.

2. And to halt at the chattering brook, in the
tall green fern at the brink,
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse,
and the foxglove purple and white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer come down
in a troop to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the
coming on of the night.

3. O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely
smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy
past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are
all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the
dear wild cry of the birds.

John Masefield.

---

1. Is there not another side to this picture?

2. What is meant by: "the chattering brook", "the mellow stars"?

3. Notice the balanced arrangement of verse 3, lines 1 and 2. (Is the *smell* of the earth a *tune*?)



A Devoted Daughter

1. Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, the illustrious chancellor of King Henry VIII, is honoured by all those who love and honour More. "She was his eldest daughter, and the most like him in favour and in wit," writes her grandson Cresacre.

2. It was in Chelsea that Thomas More had the home he loved. In those days Chelsea was a country place; people travelled up the river to reach it, and many were the barges that stopped in front of the magnificent mansion and garden, drawn thither by admiration for the wit, the kindly hospitality, and the charming spirit of its owner.

3. A letter of one of the famous men of the day describes the happy household of More. Holbein, the great artist, has painted portraits of its various members. A sketch of his represents the family assembled, so that we see the home group around the Chancellor as it is not given to us to see another circle of the period. All speak of Margaret's wit, of her learning, of the tender love that united her to her father. She was reared on the classics; she seemed to have sucked learning as a bee sucks honey on a summer day.

4. As she grew up, and even when a child, she was her father's companion; and he, who loved

his children beyond the power of telling, loved her most. He was constantly praising her wit and her learning, praising her judiciously, but making us feel how proud he was of his "Meg". More's guests bantered him on her learning, and he answered with some spirit: "I would rather my daughter were to die learned than ignorant."

5. All were astonished at her wide acquirements. One well-known and clever man, we are told, was so surprised at the contents of a letter she wrote, which More showed him, that he declared he would never have believed a woman could have written so clever an epistle unaided. Margaret, we can imagine, was amused at all this admiration lavished upon her. Was she not her father's pride, his companion, loved as he loved the apple of his eye? Did she not help him with his researches? Was she not bound to be learned?

6. She shared in his religious views, alone knowing with her mother and his confessor that he wore a hair shirt close to his body, eager as he was to subdue the flesh. Under the gaiety of his talk she knew there was a deep seriousness, often a great depression of spirits. More was full of humour, his jests being made all the more striking by the gravity of his features, and the melancholy tone of his voice. Indeed, his grandson tells us, he spoke so sadly that few could tell by his look whether he spoke in earnest or in jest.

7. When the terrible plague, or sweating sick-

ness, visited London, sending the city's panic-stricken inhabitants flying they scarce knew whither, and the King and his ministers went from place to place seeking refuge, Margaret lay in mortal danger, attacked by the awful disease. The physicians gave her up; there was no hope of recovery for the beautiful and learned creature.

8. Her stricken father went up to the chapel of his house and, kneeling, prayed God to restore his child. He prayed with all the strength of his breaking heart; and his prayer was answered. To the last he believed that Margaret recovered because of his impassioned pleading, so that she was doubly his child, he would say, his child of prayer, and of miracle.

✓ 9. She, too, believed that she owed her life to her father's prayers; thus the two were united by a tenderer and stronger tie than ever. Her young soul grew stronger to help him in the din and terror of the times.

10. The King had been very fond of More, delighting in his wit and his learning. He would walk in the garden of the house near the river with his arm round the Chancellor's neck. But, "He would give me up for a French town," More said once, with a little laugh, and events proved the truth of his foresight. More's firmness in clinging to his Faith, and his obstinacy in supporting the claims of the Queen whom Henry wished to put away, provoked the King to rage and revenge. ✓

11. More was summoned to Lambeth Palace, and he knew that his death-warrant was sealed. He was very ill, suffering constant grievous pain, when he was sentenced to captivity in the Tower.

12. He wrote to his wife and children, but his most beautiful letter was addressed to Margaret. He bequeathed the things that he treasured on earth to various members of his family; to Margaret he left his hair shirt, with touching words of love and encouragement. She was allowed to visit him in prison, to speak to him words of comfort and of faith.

13. The King was pitiless towards his old favourite, towards the man who represented the new learning, who was known as the first Englishman of his time. The day of his execution came, and as More walked to the scaffold, Margaret, who was amongst the crowd, fought her way through and flung herself into his arms.

14. "Oh, my father!" she cried; "Oh, my father!" and these were the only words she could utter. He held her close, and spoke comfortingly to her, bidding her take patience and not to grieve for him. And then he put her away from him; but she ran back, and once more threw her arms around him.

15. It was a pitiful scene. Few of the spectators who witnessed it remained dry-eyed, and More, we are told, "spoke not a word, but tears fell from his eyes". This was the parting of father and daughter, the last scene of their lives



Photo. Braun & Cie

THE FAMILY OF SIR THOMAS MORE

From the sketch by Holbein. Margaret Roper is the second figure from the right. Note the ages of the various members.

of united affection. We can imagine the rest, the heart-breaking anguish of Margaret as she followed in spirit the last moments of that bitter tragedy. History has preserved her name, and has linked it to that of her father; she will stand as one of the model daughters of all time.

From "The Romance of Woman's Influence", by Alice Corkran.

---

1. Tell the story of any other devoted woman you have heard or read of. (For example, Jeanie Deans, or Florence Nightingale, or Nurse Cavell.)

2. There is a verse in the Old Testament which says, "Put not your trust in princes." Prove from your lesson that this is certainly true of Henry VIII.

3. If Margaret had lived at the present day, would people have been so much astonished at her learning? If not, why not?

4. Explain the particular meaning of *favour* and of *wit* in paragraph 1. (Do you remember Pharaoh's dream of the *well-favoured* and the *ill-favoured* kine?)

5. *Pitiless* (par. 13) means *without pity*. You will find the opposite word in paragraph 15. Form adjectives in the same way from *care*, *hope*, *mercy*.

6. In paragraph 1 occurs the word *illustrious*, and in paragraph 3, *famous*. Both words mean *well-known*, but with a difference. Try to explain the difference. And what does *notorious* mean?

7. Change paragraph 2, sentence 1, from complex to simple; paragraph 5, sentence 1, from simple to complex; paragraph 10, sentence 1, from simple to compound.

Two Things Worth Having

I.—Content

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught—Content.

Anon.

II.—Freedom

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891).

---

1. Can contentment exist without freedom? Can a bird, or a lion, for example, be really content in a cage?
2. Rewrite the second poem, beginning "They are free who . . . ", and changing lines 1, 3, and 7 to suit.
3. How can contentment make water wine?

The Castaway

Part I

1. With my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down, for I thought I should have frozen, but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot, and beating my breast with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

2. As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed a hill—the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook—falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite, or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land was neither house nor man.

3. I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weari-

ness and hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered, the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

4. After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of the islet of Earraid, but of the neighbouring part of Mull (which they call the Ross) is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among.

5. At first the creek kept narrowing as I had looked to see; but presently to my surprise it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

6. Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist; so that my case was lamentable. I stood in the rain, and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in.

7. But not three yards from shore I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of

more, it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope was the more unhappy.

8. And now, all at once, the spar came in my



head. What had carried me through the tide-race would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off, undaunted, across the top of the isle, to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the sea salt, or because I was growing fevered, I was

distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, to drink the peaty water out of the moss-hags.[1]

9. I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive; and at the first glance I thought the spar was farther out than when I left it. In I went for the third time into the sea. The sand was smooth and firm, and shelved gradually down, so that I could wade out until the water was almost to my neck and the little waves splashed in my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me. I had no skill in swimming, and I durst venture in no farther. As for the spar, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet beyond.

10. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

11. I knew indeed that shell-fish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found plenty of limpets. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

12. But I had no sooner eaten my first meal

[1] Moss-hag, a break or soft place in a bog.

than I was seized with giddiness and sickness, and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me, and revived my strength.

13. All day it streamed rain; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog. The second day I crossed the island to all sides. It was all desolate and rocky; nothing lived on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks. But the creek, or strait, that cut off the isle from the mainland of the Ross opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was the neighbourhood of this place that I chose to be my home.

14. I had good reasons for my choice. The shell-fish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time: and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides, between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up,

morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

15. I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses.

---

1. Suppose yourself a castaway on a tropical island, and tell some of your experiences.

2. Tell what you know of the "great, ancient church" of Iona.

3. Notice the peculiar use of the word *what* at the foot of p. 156. It is an adverb, meaning *partly*. The meaning is: "*Partly* with my wet clothes, *partly* with weariness and hunger, &c."

4. What part of speech is *pretty* in paragraph 4, line 2?

5. An *islet* is a little island. What is a little *duck*, *hill*, *lamb*, *cat*, *lass*? (A *farthing* is a little *fourth*.)

6. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) "Hope buoyed me up" (par. 8).
(*b*) "I had my head half turned with loneliness" (par. 15).
(*c*) "It put a point on my own sufferings" (par. 15).

7. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 5.

The Castaway

Part II

1. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright look-out for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever, and with a cruel sore throat. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

2. This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the strait; though what should bring any creature to Earraid was more than I could fancy.

3. There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which, because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound, I was much in the habit of frequenting. As soon as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus

come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

4. All of a sudden a coble[1] with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock, and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

5. I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously. Even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst.

6. The next day I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shell-fish agreed well with me, and revived my courage. I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound, and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

7. I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as

[1] Coble, a flat-bottomed fishing-boat.



THE CASTAWAY AND THE FISHERMEN

yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. She was coming straight to Earraid!

8. I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea-water before I was able to shout.

9. All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

10. As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man shouted with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

11. Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I knew no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very closely, I caught the word "what-

effer" several times, but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek or Hebrew for me.

12. "Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes—yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in Gaelic.

13. This time I picked out another word, "tide". Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out——?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

14. At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to shout with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out on the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

15. A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, if I had sat down to think instead

of raging at my fate, must soon have guessed the secret, and got free.

16. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there in pure folly.

From "Kidnapped", by Robert Louis Stevenson.

---

1. Read the story from which these two lessons are taken. You will thoroughly enjoy it.

2. "I could not believe such wickedness" (par. 5). Why was the wickedness not so great as the castaway thought? And why did the boat come near Earraid a second time?

3. *Castaway* is what we call a **compound** word. It is a noun, formed by joining a verb and an adverb. Find a few other compound words in this lesson. Tell how they are formed, and what parts of speech they are.

4. What is meant by (*a*) "the bottom of the neaps" (par. 15); (*b*) "my pitiful illusion" (par. 16)?

5. We talk of "the *height* of summer" (par. 1), and "the *depth* of winter". Can you explain why?

6. What is the difference between an *incident* and an *accident*? (Every accident is an incident, but every incident is not an accident.)

7. Form nouns from: *perceive, grieve, relieve, receive, deceive, believe.* (Notice that the *-ei* words form one group, and the *-ie* words another.)

8. What part of speech is *but* in paragraph 2, line 3; in paragraph 4, line 7; and in paragraph 16, line 6?



The Red Man's God

1. We worship the Spirit that walks unseen
   Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place,
   But His presence and power we know.

2. Who teacheth the moose that the hunter's gun
   Is peering out of the shade?
Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
   In the track the moose has made?

3. Him do we follow, Him do we fear—
   Spirit of earth and sky;
Who hears with the wapiti's eager ear
   His poor red children's cry.

4. Whose whisper we note in every breeze
   That stirs the birch canoe;
 Who hangs the reindeer moss on the trees
   For the food of the caribou.

5. That Spirit we worship who walks unseen
   Through our land of ice and snow;
 We know not His face, we know not His
     place,
   But His presence and power we know.

Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee.

---

1. What kind of country do the red men inhabit? How do they live?

2. Verse 1, line 4. Quote from the poem one example of the Spirit's presence and one of His power.

3. What is meant by saying, "We know not *His place*"?

4. Find out what a wapiti is.





A Meditation upon the Majesty, Power, and Wonderful Providence of God

1. "Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

"Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

"Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

"Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire;

"Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

2. "Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

"At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

"They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

"Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

3. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

"They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

"By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

"He watereth the hills from his chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

4. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle; and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

"And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;

"Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

"The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

5. "He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

"Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

"The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

"The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

6. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

"So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

"There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

"These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

"That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

"Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

"Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth.

7. "The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

"He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

8. "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord. Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more.

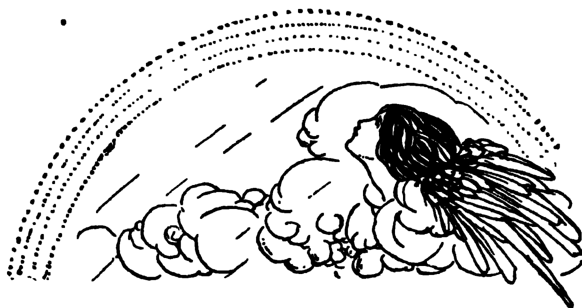
"Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord."

---

1. This is one of the grandest songs ever written. Read it aloud, and you will hear its wonderful music. Notice how simple the words are, and how simply the sentences are constructed.

2. Learn some of the sections by heart (for example, 1 and 3).

3. The "leviathan" is a sea monster, perhaps the whale, perhaps the crocodile.





May Morning

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

John Milton (1608–1674).

---

1. What is meant by calling the morning star "day's harbinger"?

2. What does the word "dancing" suggest?

3. How does May *dress* the woods and groves, and *bless* the hills and dales?

4. What is meant by saying, "We wish thee long"?

A Young Heroine

Part I

1. In the eighteenth century a Russian officer named Lopouloff was condemned, although innocent of any crime, to pass the remainder of his days in Siberia, that dreary region to the northeast of Russia, where numberless offenders were sent as a punishment, to spend their lives in exile.

2. There he underwent the most terrible hardships. He was allowed, for the support of himself, his wife, and his daughter, a sum per day equal to about twopence in English money.

3. Elizabeth, his fifteen-year-old daughter, watched her father's sufferings with silent grief. During fourteen years of exile he had been unable to submit himself to his hard life, and he often gave way to fits of utter despair. Then did this noble girl form an idea as extraordinary as it was brave—to set out alone for the capital of Russia, St. Petersburg as it was then called, and to beg the emperor himself to grant her father's pardon.

4. St. Petersburg was more than three thousand miles from that part of Siberia where the Lopouloffs dwelt. No one in the capital knew the girl even by name, or felt the slightest interest in her parents. They did not possess a single crown; yet, placing unbounded trust in God, Elizabeth

made up her mind to carry out her noble but apparently hopeless plan.

5. At first she dared not speak of it to her father; but by degrees she grew bolder, and at last she astonished him by saying:



"Father, I beg you, I pray you, let me go to St. Petersburg and beg for your pardon from the Czar."

6. At these words Lopouloff burst out laughing, took his daughter by the hand, and led her to her mother, who was preparing their scanty meal.

7. "Wife," he said, "good news! All our misfortunes are on the point of ending! Here is a great lady who is willing to undergo the trouble

of a journey to St. Petersburg for us, and who will have the goodness to plead for us with the Czar!"

8. "She will do better," said her mother, "to mind her work than to talk such childish nonsense." Then, seeing that the girl was weeping, she kissed her, and said, smiling and handing her a cloth, "Come, begin by cleaning the table, and by and by you can busy yourself about your visit to the Czar."

9. Elizabeth, seeing that she was laughed at, spoke no more of her daring plan, but she thought of it continually. Three years passed away, and, having reached the age of eighteen, she renewed her entreaty. Her father and mother now saw that she was in earnest, and tried, by tears and caresses, to turn her from her purpose. But she begged for their permission so eagerly and with such confidence, that at last they consented for her to go.

10. The girl obtained a passport, which the authorities could not refuse; she received her parents' tearful blessing, and set out on her adventurous journey. She carried with her, in copper money, coins to the value of five or six shillings only; and she was alone.

1. Suppose that you have accused someone of having done you a wrong, and then find out that he is innocent. Write a letter of apology.

2. What is a "passport", and why are such things necessary? Why could the authorities not refuse Elizabeth's passport?

3. Why did Lopouloff treat his daughter's request as a joke?

4. Examine the second sentence of paragraph 8. It contains five verbs ending in -ing. One of them is different from all the others. Which is it? It is both a verb and a noun, and is called a **Gerund.** Find another example in paragraph 5 and one in paragraph 7.

5. Re-write paragraph 7 in indirect speech, beginning, "Lopouloff told his wife that . . . ."

6. Find out in this lesson two compound-complex sentences, each containing three principal clauses and one subordinate clause.

A Young Heroine

Part II

1. Elizabeth knew nothing of the route she ought to follow. When she asked the road to St. Petersburg—which was three thousand miles away—her listeners concluded she was mad, and began to laugh. Thus she often lost her way, which considerably lengthened her journey.

2. She stayed in different villages for long or short periods, according as weariness forced her to do so, or as the welcome she got from the inhabitants encouraged her. She tried, wherever she lodged, to make herself useful, by cleaning the house, washing the linen, or knitting for her kindly entertainers.

3. But often she was driven from the houses with harsh words, and she would go away weep-

ing. Then, indeed, it sometimes happened that the persons who had ill-treated her, touched by her tears and her modest air, called her back, and generously supplied her wants.

4. One evening a violent storm overtook her. She sought refuge in the woods, and placed herself under a fir tree, surrounded by tall bushes, to get some shelter from the wind. The poor girl passed the night in the forest, amid torrents of rain. On the morrow, half-dead with cold and hunger and covered with mud, she reached a cottage where she was well received. But there she fell ill, and was forced to remain for some time.

5. Another time she was attacked by a pack of fierce dogs, which surrounded her. She took to flight, defending herself with a stick, but this only increased their fury. One of the animals seized the hem of her dress and tore it. She threw herself on the earth, and with horror felt one of the most furious lay its cold nose against her head. But the dogs did her no harm; and a peasant, who chanced to pass by, drove them away.

6. One day, when crossing some frozen swamps, she lost her way. After many hardships, she found herself in a very wild and savage place hemmed in by dense woods. Night came on; she trembled with fear. Suddenly some men rushed out from the depths of the forest. They were robbers, and their fierce looks struck her

with terror and dismay. They came up to her, looked at her suspiciously, and rudely demanded what had brought her there.

7. Elizabeth replied with a trembling voice: "I come from the wilds of Siberia, and I am going to the emperor to ask his pardon for my father."

8. The brigands, astonished, asked what money she had for so long a journey. She showed them her few remaining copper coins. The rough men were moved to pity; and not only did they let her go unharmed, but gave her some of their food, and showed her the road she was to take.

9. When she arrived at Kasan a strong wind, which had been blowing for several days, had accumulated great masses of ice on the river Volga. The passage of the river could only be accomplished partly in a small boat and partly on foot, by leaping from block to block of ice. The boatmen dared not row from one bank of the river to the other.

10. Elizabeth, without thinking of the danger, would have entered one of their boats; but they thrust her back rudely, thinking her mad, and declaring that they would not allow her to cross the river until it was completely frozen over. She asked them how long a time she must wait.

11. "At least a fortnight," they replied. Thereupon she made up her mind to cross at once.

"I pray you," she said in an earnest voice, "in the name of God, help me to cross this river.

I have come from the depths of Siberia; I am going to the emperor to beg for my father's pardon, for he was unjustly condemned. My journey has already taken such a long time! Must I lose another fortnight here?"

12. These simple words moved one of the boatmen to pity. He took Elizabeth by the hand. "Come," he said to her, "I will try the passage. You are a good girl, who fears God and loves her father, and Heaven will protect you."

13. He made her climb into his boat, and rowed her halfway across the river. Then, unable to get any farther, he took her up in his arms, and, crossing the ice with the help of an oar, succeeded in gaining the opposite bank.

1. Suppose that, at Kazan, Elizabeth meets a sleigh-driver who is on his way to Siberia. Write a letter from her to her parents describing the first part of her journey.

2. Why was the boatman's action a very brave one?

3. Write sentences to show the difference between: *route* and *rout*; *seized* and *ceased*; *rowed*, *road*, and *rode*.

4. Find examples of gerunds in paragraphs 2, 9, and 10.

5. Form a noun from each of the following by adding a suffix: *conclude*, *encourage*, *violent*, *condemn*, *try*.

6. Change paragraph 5, sentence 3, from compound to simple.

Change paragraph 6, sentence 3, from compound to complex.

Change paragraph 8, sentence 2, from simple to complex.

Change paragraph 13, sentence 1, from compound to simple.

A Young Heroine

Part III

1. Some time before her arrival in Moscow, poor Elizabeth began to want for everything. Her shoes were worn off her feet, her clothes were torn to tatters, and still the cold was terribly severe. Snow covered the earth nearly four feet deep. Sometimes, as it fell, it froze in the air, and descended in a shower of icicles which hid both sky and earth.

2. In one of the towns on her way she had received from the superior of a convent letters of introduction to a lady at Moscow, and to another lady who lived at St. Petersburg. The Moscow lady received Elizabeth very kindly, and gave her shoes and new clothes. Cheered by this bountiful welcome, she set off upon her journey again, and at length reached St. Petersburg eighteen months after her departure from Siberia.

3. In that great city she was at first like one lost. At length she succeeded in finding the person to whom she had been recommended. This lady sheltered her under her own roof, and treated her with generous kindness.

4. But how was she to gain an audience of the emperor? This was a greater difficulty than any she had before experienced; for when she presented herself at the palace gates, and asked to

see the emperor, the soldiers broke into loud and mocking laughter. She went away disheartened.

5. More than two months were spent in useless efforts. At length some kind-hearted person mentioned her case to the wife of an officer of the Guards. This lady knew the wife of a secretary to the empress, and begged her to grant poor Elizabeth the favour of an interview. The secretary's wife consented. Elizabeth went to see her and told her touching story, which so strongly moved this generous lady that she cried: "You are a brave and good girl! God, who has taken care of you up to this moment, will not leave you now; perhaps He may use my husband to help you to success."

6. Just then the secretary himself came in, and promised to speak to the empress in the course of the day. He asked Elizabeth to dine at his house, and then he went away to the palace.

7. The curiosity and the sympathy of the empress were both aroused by her secretary's story, and she ordered the maiden of Siberia to be brought into her presence that very evening at six o'clock. The poor girl, who had never dreamed of such good fortune, turned pale when she heard the news, and nearly fainted.

8. In the evening the secretary took her to the palace. The empress received her with great kindness, and asked her all about her life, and about the long and dangerous journey she had made. Elizabeth, who at first trembled with



nervousness, gradually recovered her presence of mind.

9. The empress, moved to tears by her pathetic story, warmly praised her courage and daughterly devotion. She presented her with a hundred pieces of gold, and promised her her protection and favour.

Elizabeth was so overcome by gratitude and happiness that she could only thank the empress with sobs and tears.

10. The Czar, at the earnest request of the empress, ordered a re-examination of Lopouloff's

trial. His innocence was then fully established, and his pardon at once proclaimed. The emperor granted him a liberal pension, which, at his death, was to fall to his wife and daughter.

11. The brave Elizabeth—one of the truest heroines of history—had the happiness of seeing perfect success crown her gallant undertaking and reward her noble devotion.

From "Tales of Captivity and Exile", by A. Hyslop.

---

1. Write an imaginary account of the conversation between Elizabeth and the Empress.

2. What was the cause of the soldiers' "mocking laughter"?

3. What is meant by the "superior" of a convent? What words mean the opposite of *superior* and of *exterior*?

4. *Empress* is the feminine of *emperor*. What is the feminine of *duke*, *tiger*, *abbot*, *god*?

5. Fill in the blanks in the following table:—

Noun.	Verb.	Adjective.	Adverb.
glory	glorify	glorious	gloriously
—	—	dark	—
gratitude	—	—	—
—	—	broad	—
—	succeed	—	—

6. Change the first sentences of paragraphs 1, 3, 8, 9, 10 from simple to complex. (In the last example make *two* subordinate clauses.)

The Secret of the Machines

1. We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:
And now if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four-and-twenty hours a day!

2. We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,
We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and write!

3. Would you call a friend from half across the world?
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,

You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?
You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of some seventy thousand horses and some screws!

4. The boat-express is waiting your command!
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

5. Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head
And lay their new-cut tresses at your feet?
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
And plant a barren wilderness with wheat?
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

6. It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake!

7. But remember, please, the Law by which we live.
We are not built to comprehend a lie.
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.
If you make a slip in handling us you die!
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—
Our touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

8. *Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,*
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because—for all our power and weight and size—
We are nothing more than children of your brain!

Rudyard Kipling.

1. (*a*) What machine is referred to in the first half of verse 3? And why is the question called a "crackling" question?

(*b*) What machine is referred to in the second half of the same verse? And what are the "seventy thousand horses"?

2. Why is the *Mauretania* called a "monstrous nine-decked *city*"?

3. What are the mountains' "new-cut tresses"?

4. "Shall we pipe aloft" (verse 5). Do you see the little joke in the use of the word *pipe* here?

5. What is meant by saying that machines (*a*) cannot "comprehend a lie"; (*b*) "are nothing more than children of your brain"?

6. The machines boast that their touch "can alter all created things". Give one or two examples.



Nat's Monkey

1. When Nathaniel D. Troop, able seaman on board the British ship *Belle*, solemnly announced his intention of buying a monkey the next time old Daddy the Bumboatman came alongside, there was a breathless hush amongst his shipmates. Then John spoke. "What for, Nat? What have we been doing to ye? I tell ye now—if you're going to bring a monkey aboard this ship, you're stocking trouble enough to fill a mighty long hole!"

2. However, as soon as old Daddy was persuaded that a monkey really was desired, he undertook to supply one, and sure enough one morning he brought a monkey with him, a wicked-looking beast about as large as a fox-terrier. He was secured by a leathern collar and a dog-chain to the fife-rail of the foremast for the time, and one or two of the men amused themselves by teasing him until he was almost frantic.

3. Jocko took to his master at once, and by and by he was also on nodding terms with some of the other men, but with most of them he was at open war. Nat kept him chained up near his bunk, only taking him out for an airing at intervals.

4. But one day the seaman laid in a stock of eggs and fruit, stowing them as usual on the shelf

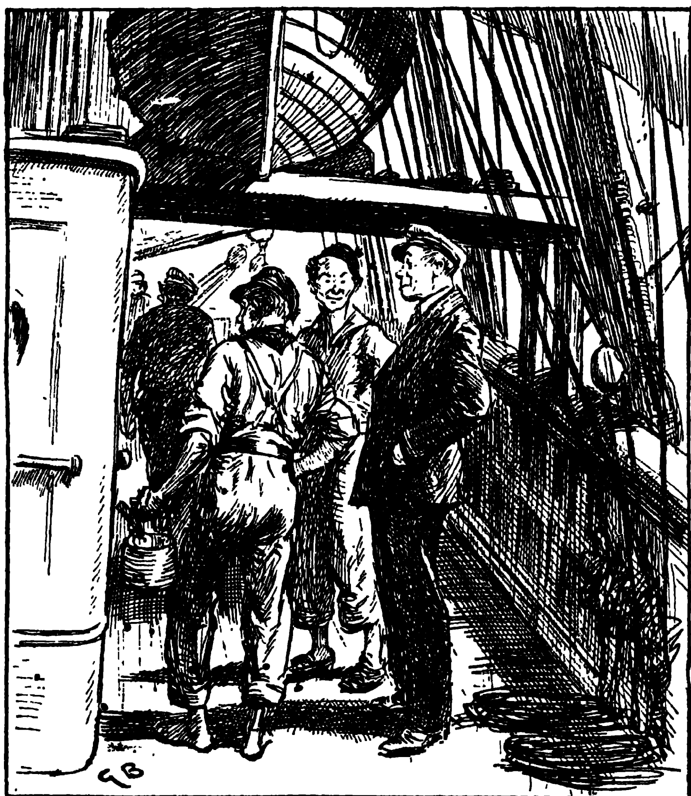
in his bunk. We were very busy all the morning on deck, so that I believe hardly a chance was obtained by anyone of getting below for a smoke. When dinner-time came, Nat went straight to his bunk to greet his pet, but he was nowhere to be seen. The state of that bed, though, was something to remember.

5. Jocko had been amusing himself by trying to make an omelette, and the remains of two dozen eggs were strewn and plastered over the bunk, intermingled with crushed bananas, torn-up books, feathers out of Nat's fine pillow, and several other things. While Nat was gazing, speechless, at the damage done, a yell arose from the other side of the forecastle, where Paddy Finn, a Liverpool Irishman, had just discovered his week's portion of sugar and the contents of a pot of grease emptied into his sea-chest. Other voices soon joined in the chorus as further evil doings were discovered, until the forecastle was all in an uproar.

6. For some time after this Jocko led a melancholy life chained up on the forecastle head during the day, and underneath it at night. Meantime we had sailed from Bombay and arrived at Cocanada, where the second mate bought a monkey, a pretty, tame little fellow, that had not a bit of vice in him. Tip was so well behaved that when we got to sea again he was allowed to have the run of the ship.

7. Owing to the close watch kept upon Jocko,

he led a blameless life for months. The days and weeks rolled quietly on until we were well into the fine weather to the northward of the Line in the Atlantic. We had been favoured by



the absence of rain, and owing to the exertions of the second mate, who was very particular about his paintwork, the bulwarks and houses of the *Belle* were a perfectly dazzling white, with a

satiny sheen like enamel. In fact I heard him remark with pardonable pride that he had never seen the paint look so well in all his seven voyages as second of the *Belle*. He would go tenderly over that paintwork, even in his watch below, with bits of soft rag and some clean fresh water, wiping off every spot of dirt as soon as it appeared.

8. Tarring down was accomplished without a spot or smear upon the paint, and the decks having been holystoned and varnished, the second mate now began to breathe more freely. One afternoon the captain had all hands up to bend our winter suit of sails. Every mother's son of them was aloft for a long time, as busy as a bee, trying to get the job finished. At last all was ready, and down they came. Then one of them went forward for something, and immediately raised an outcry that brought all hands rushing to the spot, thinking that the ship was on fire. The sight they saw was a paralysing one to a sailor.

9. On both sides of the bulwarks and the lower panels of the house were great splashes of tar, while all along the nice blue covering body the mess was indescribable. With one accord everybody shouted: "That monkey!"

10. Yes, as they spoke there was a dull thud, and down from aloft fell a huge oakum wad soaked in tar. They looked up, and there he sat, a dreadful object, hardly distinguishable for a

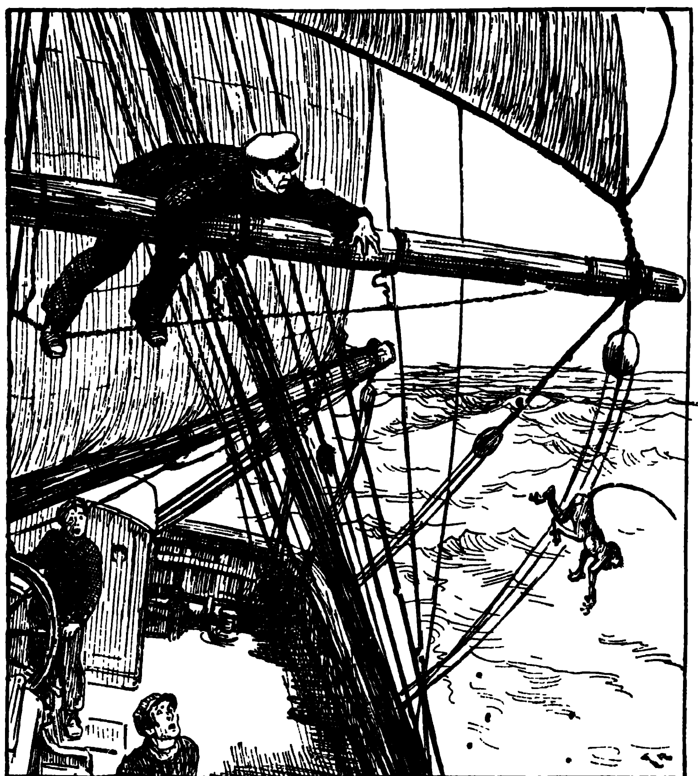
monkey, being smothered from head to tail-end with the thick, sticky black stuff. But his white teeth gleamed, and his wicked eye twinkled merrily as he thought of the fine time he had been having, a reward for what must have seemed years of waiting.

11. Too late, the men now remembered that the tar barrel, its head completely out, had been left up-ended by the windlass, where it had been placed for convenience during tarring down. It was there still, but leading from it in all directions were streams of tar where Jocko had dragged away the dripping wads he had fished out of its black depths.

12. I was never revengeful, but if I had been I should have been sorry for the second mate, my old tyrant, now. He drooped and withered like a scarlet runner under the first sharp frost. Not a word did he say, but he looked as if all the reproaches in every tongue that ever were spoken were pouring over his brain in a flood.

13. Pursuit of the monkey was out of the question. Clambering over the newly-tarred rigging was bad enough when done with all care, but in a chase, especially over places where it had been freshly tarred by the fugitive, we should have had all hands captured like flies on a gummed string. They all stood and glared at the mess, fascinated by the horrible sight; but suddenly piercing screams aft startled everybody.

14. Jocko had crept down the mizzen rigging



and pounced upon poor little Tip, who was delicately combing himself on the after-hatch. And now Jocko was perched on the cro'jack yard, vigorously wiping his tar-drenched fur with Tip as if he had been a dry wad.

15. The second mate started from his inaction, and sprang aloft to the rescue of his screaming pet with an agility scarcely less than Jocko's. Rage seemed to give him energy, for presently he pressed Jocko so hard (he let poor little Tip

go as soon as he saw his pursuer) that he ran out along the mizzen topsail brace. There, balancing himself for a moment, Jocko covered his eyes with his hands, then sprang into the sea.

16. Bobbing up like a cork, he struck out away from the ship, which was only just moving, but in less than five minutes he repented his rashness and swam back. A line was flung to him; he promptly seized it, and was at once a captive again. The men were so impressed by his prowess that they refused to allow the second mate to touch him, nor did any of them even beat him lest they should have bad luck.

17. But they replaced the chafed-through ring he had broken by a strong connecting-link, and when Jamrach's man came aboard in London, Jocko was sold to him for five shillings.

From "A Sack of Shakings", by Frank Bullen.

1. Write a letter to yourself—the kind of letter you would like to receive to-morrow morning.

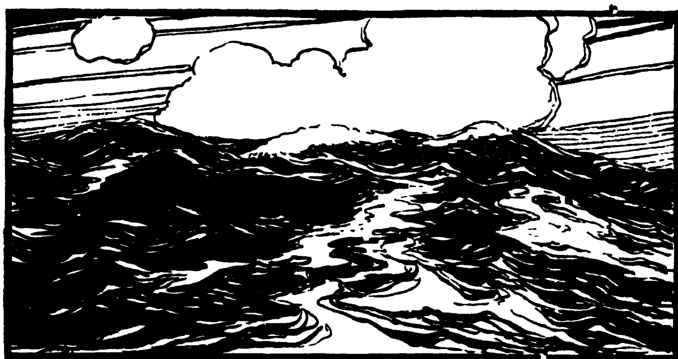
2. What "line" is meant in paragraph 7, sentence 2? What is its usual name?

3. "He drooped and withered *like a scarlet-runner*" (par. 12). This is what is called a **Simile**. Find another simile in paragraph 13, and one in paragraph 16.

4. Find an example of the nominative absolute in paragraph 8.

5. Change the suffixes in the following words, so as to reverse their meaning: *blameless*, *guiltless*, *merciless*, *worthless*, *senseless*, *godless*.

6. Write sentences to show the word *round* as five different parts of speech, and the word *fast* as four.

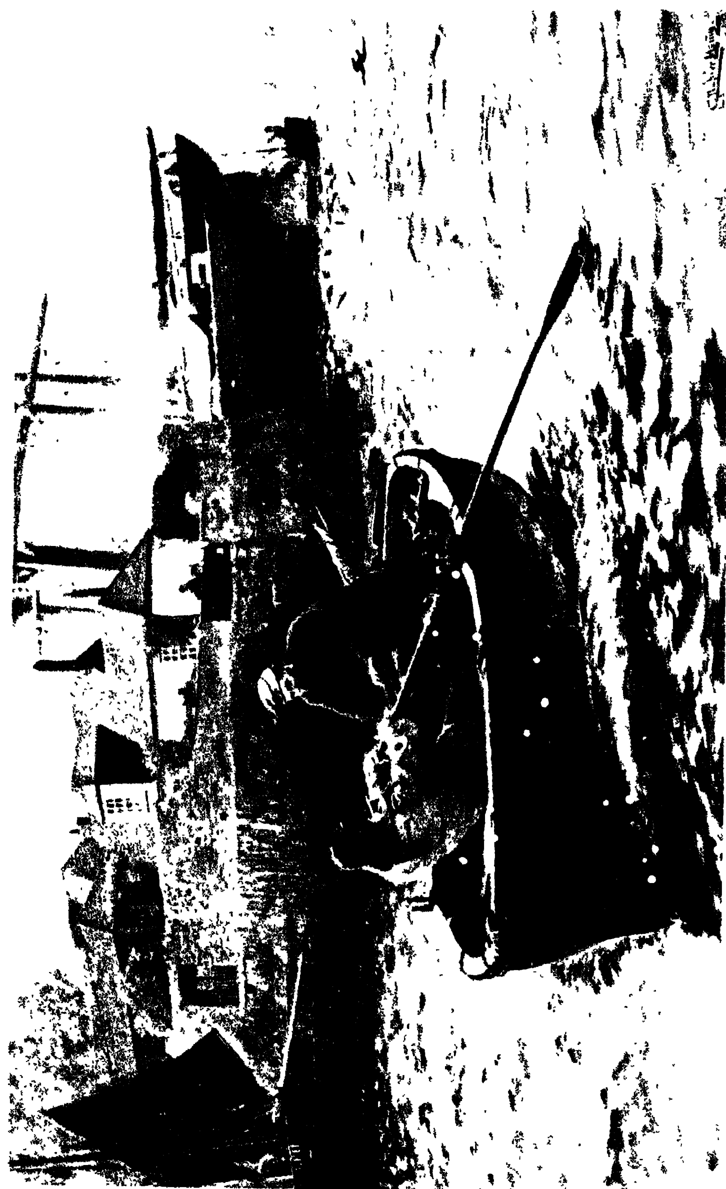


The Sea

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the Sea! I 'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.



4. I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I lov'd the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

5. The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

6. I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

Bryan Procter.

---

1. What two moods of the sea are described in verse 1, lines 5 and 6? Line 5 is an example of what is called **Exaggeration.** Find a similar exaggeration in verse 3. What is the difference in effect between "The waves rose mountains high", and "The waves were very big"?

2. "I've lived full fifty summers" (verse 6). What does "summers" mean here? (See p. 128.)

3. Notice the unusual use of *but* in the second line of verse 4. It is not the ordinary conjunction *but.* What does it mean?

4. Write in the plural: a sailor's life; a lady's hat; a fox's tail; a child's dress.

The Tar Pools of California

1. In the state of California the skeletons of hundreds of prehistoric animals have been discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. The region is rich in oil, which here and there bubbles up to the surface of the ground, forming what are known as "tar pools". Some of the pools have long been hardened into asphalt "beds", and modern pools have formed near them. In these beds are found the bones of extinct animals, many skeletons being quite complete.

2. One famous tar-pool area in California bears the Spanish name of Rancho-la-Brea ("Ranch of the Tar Pools"). The existing pools are surrounded with cactus and trees and covered with thin sheets of water. If a wild animal is tempted to drink from one of them, it runs the risk of being caught in the tar, and when that happens it perishes miserably; for it is gradually sucked down by the liquid and smothered.

3. During the early part of the Ice Age, when the surrounding mountains were covered with snow, large numbers of animals were entrapped in the ancient tar pools. The least intelligent, including the bison, the sloth, and the American camel, were the most common victims. Wild horses were caught occasionally. In a single asphalt pit were found the bones of no fewer than

seventeen elephants, but these had not all perished at the same time, because the ancient pool was comparatively small.

4. Greedy beasts of prey often perished in the tar pools. The big wolf is well represented among the finds. Apparently, when an elephant or horse was caught in a pool, its cries of distress attracted prowling packs of wolves which leapt at the poor victim, only, however, to be themselves caught in the tar, from which they could not possibly escape.

5. Tragedies of this kind were numerous, and occasionally there were fierce conflicts at the pools between the larger and stronger animals. Mr. Charles R. Knight, an American artist, has recently painted a vigorous picture of a tar-pool scene. He undertook this interesting work after making a close study of the numerous skeletons of the extinct animals which have been recovered from the asphalt pits of Rancho-la-Brea. The substance in which they lay has preserved even the fragile bones of birds.

6. The picture shows a snarling sloth with its legs securely caught in a tar pool. Two other sloths have come to its assistance in response to its cries of alarm. On the opposite side of the pool is a fierce sabre-toothed tiger with jaws agape, ready to spring at the entrapped victim. The three sloths are growling angry defiance, and the two which are free have risen on their hind legs to fight with their long curving claws,

which are powerful weapons. A second sabre-toothed tiger comes up to take part in the battle, and on the branches of a tree near the pool are vultures waiting patiently to feast on the bodies of any of the animals which are killed and partly devoured.

7. One can tell from a glance at the picture what is to happen as soon as the fight begins. The sabre-toothed tiger which is to leap at the sloth in the pool will itself be caught in the tar, and the same fate awaits the other tiger and the two sloths on the bank which are rearing to receive the tigers.

8. After the struggling animals have fought their last fight and, torn and bleeding, sink exhausted in the treacherous tar, the vultures will pounce upon their bodies and begin to gorge themselves. They, too, will perish, however, for the tar will smear their wings and claws and make it impossible for them to escape. Other vultures flying through the air are likely to become victims also.

9. In the background is a herd of gigantic elephants. These animals have paused as if scared by the snarling tigers and howling sloths, and seem to be about to turn towards another water-covered tar pool to slake their thirst. At least one of them is sure to become a helpless victim.

10. At M'Kittrick, about 120 miles distant from Rancho-la-Brea, large numbers of birds were entrapped in the tar pools, which were covered with



TAR POOL SCENE IN THE EARLY ICE AGE

Painted by Charles R. Knight under the direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, New York

thin sheets of water. Flocks of ducks and geese flying from a distance descended to the pools without the least suspicion of danger, and never rose from them again. Herons, storks, and cranes wandered into them, and were caught as securely as they might have been in snares. Pigeons, doves, quails, cuckoos, swallows, larks, plovers, crows, ravens, and other passing birds went to drink at the pools and never were seen again. Then birds of prey, seeing ducks, geese, &c., struggling in the tar, pounced down to seize the victims, and they themselves were entrapped.

11. These tar pools, in which so many animals met their doom, have preserved for us valuable evidence regarding these remote times.

Donald A. Mackenzie, from "Footprints of Early Man".

---

1. Write a short composition on this subject: "Caught in a Quicksand".

2. What is meant by "prehistoric animals"? Can you name any one? If they are *prehistoric*, how are their names known?

3. In paragraph 3 we read that "the least intelligent animals are the most common victims". Why so?

4. What kind of picture do you imagine a *vigorous* picture to be (par. 5)?

5. *Feast* (par. 6) and *gorge* (par. 8) are verbs. Write sentences to show these two words used as nouns.

6. *Frail* is just a shortened form of *fragile* (par. 5). What do you think is the shortened form of *secure*, and of *example*? Such pairs of words are called **Doublets**.



Two Countries

1. I vow to thee, my country,—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

2. And there's another country I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her king—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

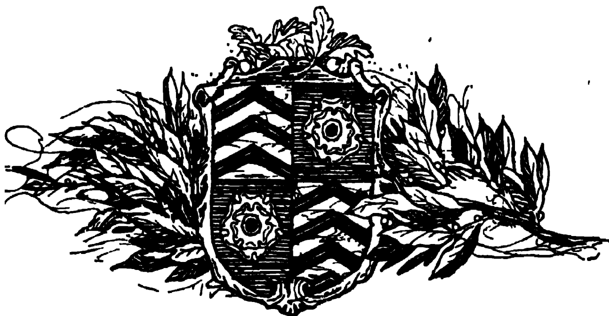
Cecil Spring-Rice.

---

1. "Entire and whole and perfect." Can you find any differences among these words?

2. What "test" is referred to in verse 1, line 3, what "altar" in line 4, and what "price" in line 5?

3. What country is referred to in verse 2? Can you prove this from the poem?



An African Prince

Part I

[Mungo Park was the discoverer of the River Niger. Striking the river in its upper part, he built a boat, and set out to sail down the river to the sea. At a place known as the Boussa rapids he was attacked by natives, and his boat striking a rock, he and his companions were drowned. Here Park describes his meeting with a native king.]

1. About noon we entered Fatteconda, the capital of Bondou; and in a little time received an invitation to the house of a respectable Slatee. For, as there are no inns in Africa, it is customary for strangers to stand at the Bentang or some other place of public resort, till they are invited to a lodging by some of the inhabitants.

2. We accepted the offer; and in an hour afterwards, a person came and told me that he was sent on purpose to conduct me to the king, who was very desirous of seeing me immediately, if I was not too much fatigued.

3. I took my interpreter with me, and followed the messenger till we got out of the town, and crossed some cornfields; when, suspecting some trick, I stopped, and asked the guide whither he was going. Upon which he pointed to a man sitting under a tree at some little distance; and told me that the king frequently gave audience in that retired manner, in order to avoid a crowd of people; and that nobody but myself and my interpreter must approach him.

4. When I advanced, the king desired me to come and sit by him upon the mat. After hearing my story, he asked if I wished to purchase any slaves, or gold: being answered in the negative, he seemed rather surprised, but desired me to come to him in the evening, and he would give me some provisions.

5. This monarch was called Almami, a Moorish name, though I was told he was not a Mohammedan, but a Kafir, or Pagan. I had heard that he had acted towards Major Houghton with great unkindness, and caused him to be plundered.

6. As I was now entirely in his power, I thought it best to smooth the way by a present. Accordingly I took with me in the evening one canister of gunpowder, some amber, tobacco, and my umbrella. As I considered that my bundles would certainly be searched, I concealed some articles in the roof of the hut where I lodged, and I put on my new blue coat in order to preserve it.

7. All the houses belonging to the king and his family are surrounded by a lofty mud wall, which converts the whole into a kind of citadel. The interior is subdivided into different courts. At the first place of entrance I observed a man standing with a musket on his shoulder; and I found the way to the presence very intricate, leading through many passages, with sentinels placed at the different doors.

8. When we came to the entrance of the court in which the king resides, both my guide and

interpreter, according to custom, took off their sandals; and the former pronounced the king's name aloud, repeating till he was answered from within. We found the monarch sitting upon a mat, and two attendants with him.



9. I repeated what I had before told him concerning the object of my journey, and my reasons for passing through his country. He seemed, however, but half satisfied. The notion of travelling for curiosity was quite new to him. However, when I offered to show him the contents of my portmanteau and everything belonging to me, he was convinced; and it was evident that

his suspicion had arisen from a belief that every white man must of necessity be a trader.

10. When I had delivered my presents he seemed well pleased, and was particularly delighted with the umbrella, which he repeatedly furled and unfurled, to the great admiration of his two attendants, who could not for some time comprehend the use of this wonderful machine.

---

1. Write a short composition on this subject: "Captured by Cannibals".

2. Re-write paragraph 4 in *direct* speech, beginning: When I advanced, the king said, "Come and sit by me . . .".

3. A *monarch* is one who reigns alone. The prefix *mon-* or *mono-* means *alone* or *single*. What is a monoplane, a monocle, a monk, a monotone?

4. Explain the special use of the word *presence* in paragraph 7.

5. By means of a suffix, form nouns from each of the following verbs: *invite*, *provide*, *repeat*, *suspect*, *comprehend*. Use these nouns in sentences.

6. What words mean the opposite of: *public* (par. 1); *accepted* (par. 2); *frequently* (par. 3); *negative* (par. 4)?

7. Analyse the last paragraph of the lesson.

An African Prince

Part II

1. After this I was about to take my leave, when the king, desiring me to stop awhile, began a long preamble in favour of the whites, extolling

their immense wealth and good dispositions. He next proceeded to praise my blue coat, of which the yellow buttons seemed particularly to catch his fancy; and he concluded by entreating me to present him with it, assuring me, for my consolation under the loss of it, that he would wear it on all public occasions, and inform everyone who saw it of my great liberality towards him.

2. The request of an African prince, in his own dominions, particularly when made to a stranger, comes little short of a command. It is only a way of obtaining by gentle means what he can, if he pleases, take by force. As it was against my interest to offend him by a refusal, I very quietly took off my coat, the only good one in my possession, and laid it at his feet.

3. In return for my compliance with his request he presented me with great plenty of provisions, and desired to see me again in the morning. I accordingly attended, and found him sitting upon his bed. He told me he was sick, and wished to have a little blood taken from him. But I had no sooner tied up his arm and displayed the lancet than his courage failed, and he begged me to postpone the operation till the afternoon, as he felt himself, he said, much better than he had been, and thanked me kindly for my readiness to serve him.

4. He then observed that his wives were very desirous to see me, and requested that I would favour them with a visit. An attendant was



MUNGO PARK AMONG ALMAMI'S WIVES

ordered to conduct me; and I had no sooner entered the court appropriated to the ladies than the whole company surrounded me, some begging for physic, some for amber, and all of them desirous of trying that great African cure for every disease, blood-letting. They were ten or twelve in number, most of them young and handsome, and wearing on their heads ornaments of gold and beads of amber.

5. They rallied me with a good deal of gaiety on different subjects, particularly upon the whiteness of my skin and the prominency of my nose. They insisted that both were artificial. The first, they said, was produced when I was an infant, by dipping me in milk. And they insisted that my nose had been pinched every day till it had acquired its present unsightly and unnatural shape.

6. On my part, without disputing my own deformity, I paid them many compliments on African beauty. I praised the glossy jet of their skins and the lovely depression of their noses; but they said that flattery, or (as they emphatically termed it) *honey mouth*, was not esteemed in Bondou. In return, however, for my company or my compliments (to which, by the way, they seemed not so insensible as they affected to be) they presented me with a jar of honey and some fish, which were sent to my lodging, and I was desired to come again to the king a little before sunset.

7. I carried with me some beads and writing-paper, it being usual to present some small offering on taking leave. In return for these the king gave me five drachms of gold, observing that it was but a trifle, and given out of pure friendship, but would be of use to me in travelling for the purchase of provision.

8. He seconded this act of kindness by one still greater; politely telling me that though it was customary to examine the baggage of every traveller passing through his country, yet, in the present instance, he would dispense with that ceremony; adding, I was at liberty to depart when I pleased.

From "Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa", by Mungo Park.

---

1. What is the exact meaning of *preamble* in line 3?

2. In one of the lines of paragraph 3, there are two words with different prefixes meaning exactly the same thing. Find them.

3. What words mean the opposite of: *handsome*, (par. 4); *artificial* (par. 5); *compliments* (par. 6); *politely* (par. 8)?

4. What does *dispense* (par. 8) mean? Find one or two other words ending in *-ense*, and show their meanings by using them in sentences.

5. Analyse paragraph 5, sentence 3. Note that the clause, "they said", is too unimportant to be called the *principal* clause of the sentence. A clause like this is called a **Parenthetical** clause; and the clause, "the first was produced, &c.", is the real principal clause.

Weathers

I

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly;
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest",
And maids come forth spring-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

II

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh and ply[1];
The hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

Thomas Hardy.

1. What season of the year is referred to in verse 1? and in verse 2? And what longing is aroused by each type of weather?

2. Why "south and west" in line 8? Why not "north and east"?

[1] Thresh and ply, toss and bend.

How Owd Bob won the Shepherds' Trophy

Part I

1. Cup Day.

It broke calm and beautiful, no cloud on the horizon, no threat of storm in the air; a fitting day on which the Shepherds' Trophy must be won outright.

2. And well it was so. For never since the founding of the Dale Sheep-Dog Trials had such a concourse been gathered together on the north bank of the Silver Lea. From the Highlands they came; from the far Campbell country; from the Peak; from the county of many acres; from all along the silver fringes of the Solway, assembling in that quiet corner of the earth to see Owd Bob, the famous Grey Dog of Kenmuir, fight his last great battle for the Shepherds' Trophy.

3. The paddock at the back of the "Dalesman's Daughter" was packed with a chattering multitude; animated groups of farmers; bevies of stolid rustics; sharp-faced townsmen, thrown together like toys in a sawdust bath; whilst here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, a lonely man and a wise-faced dog, come from afar to wrest his proud title from the best sheep-dog in the North.

4. Across the Silver Lea was a little group of

judges, inspecting the course. The line laid out ran thus. The sheep must first be found on the Fells to the right of the starting-flag. Then the course went up the slope and away from the spectators, round a flag and obliquely down the hill again. Through a gap in the wall it ran; along the hillside, parallel to the Silver Lea; abruptly to the left through a pair of flags—the trickiest turn of them all; then down the slope to the pen, which was set up close to the plank bridge over the stream.

5. Across the stream was clustered about the starting-flag the finest array of sheep-dogs ever seen together. There, beside his master James Moore of Kenmuir, stood Owd Bob, the observed of all. With curtseying quarters, silver-waving brush, and dark head proudly high, he scanned his challengers.

6. Over against him was that lean, light-limbed, terrier-like black, the unbeaten Pip, winner of the Cambrian Stakes at Llangollen—as many held, the best of all the good dogs that have come from sheep-dotted Wales. Beside him, the splendid sable collie, with the tremendous coat and slash of white on throat and face, was the famous MacCallum More, fresh from his victory at the Highland meeting. The grizzled bob-tail with high curt quarters and blue eyes staring through their shaggy veil, was the champion of the Southern Downs—Sir Galahad.

7. Besides these, Tupper's big blue Rasper

was there, Londesley's Lassie, and many more, too many to mention; big and small, grand and mean, smooth and rough—and not a bad dog amongst them. And alone, his back to the others, stood Adam M'Adam, while the great



dog beside him, scowling defiance, was Red Wull, the Terror of the Border.

8. On the opposite slope the babel had subsided now; for the battle for the cup had begun. Every eye was intent on the moving figures of man and dog and three sheep across the stream.

9. One after one the competitors ran their course and penned their sheep: there was no single failure. And all received their just meed of applause. Last of all, when Owd Bob trotted out to uphold his title, there went up a tremendous roar.

10. His was an incomparable exhibition. Sheep should be humoured rather than hurried; coaxed rather than coerced. And that sheep-dog has attained the summit of his art who subdues himself and leads his sheep in pretending to be led. Well might the bosoms of the Dalesmen swell with pride as they watched, well might the crowd bawl their enthusiasm. But of this part it is enough to say that in the end Pip, Owd Bob, and Red Wull were selected to fight out the struggle afresh.

1. What is meant by the "brush" in paragraph 5? With what animal is this word usually associated? What is meant by saying, "The Naval Brigade had a *brush* with the enemy"?

2. The word "babel" in paragraph 8 comes from the name of a place. What place? Name a few other words derived from names of places. (For example, *turkey*, *currant*, *milliner*.)

3. "Ran their course" (par. 9). Here we have an *intransitive* verb followed by an object. But notice that the meaning of the noun is akin to that of the verb. (A *course* is something that is *run*.) Such objects are called Cognate Objects. E.g., He slept a sound sleep. She sang a fine song. It blew a fierce gale. He struck a fatal blow.

How Owd Bob won the Shepherd's Trophy

Part II

1. James Moore and Owd Bob were off on their last run.

The course had been altered and stiffened. Beyond the stream it remained unchanged: up the slope; round a flag; down the hill again; through a gap in the wall; along the hillside; down through the two flags; turn, and to the stream again. But the pen was now moved from its former position, carried over the bridge, up the near slope, and the hurdles put together at the very foot of the multitude. A stiff course if ever there was one; and the time allowed, ten short minutes.

2. The spectators hustled and elbowed in endeavours to obtain posts of vantage. And well they might; for about to begin was the finest exhibition of sheep-handling any man there was ever to behold. No applause this time; not a voice was raised; anxious faces, twitching fingers; the whole crowd tense as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the grey dog would be beaten. And not a man there but knew it.

3. Yet over the stream master and dog went

about their business, never so quiet, never so collected; for all the world as though rounding up a flock on the Muir Pike.

4. The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling; and from the first it was evident they were a wild, scared trio. Rounding the first flag, one bright-eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick, but the grey dog was quicker: a splendid recover, and a sound like a sob from the thousands on the hill.

5. Down the slope for the gap in the wall. Below the opening James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them. A distance behind loitered Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than to drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep; never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along.

6. No word was spoken, barely a gesture made; yet they worked, master and dog, like one divided. Through the gap, along the hill parallel to the spectators, playing into one another's hands like men at polo. A wide sweep for the turn at the flags, and the sheep wheeled as though at the word of command, dropped through them, and travelled rapidly for the bridge.

7. "Steady!" whispered the crowd.

"Steady, man!" muttered Parson Leggy.

"Hold 'em, for goodness' sake!" croaked Kirby huskily. "Ah-h-h! I knew it. I saw it comin'!"



OWD BOB RETRIEVES THE RUNAWAY

8. The pace down the hill had grown quicker—too quick. Close on the bridge the three sheep made an effort to break. A dash, and two were checked; but the third went away like the wind, and after him Owd Bob, a grey streak against the green.

9. "Gallop! they say he's old and slow," muttered the parson. "Dash! Look at that!" For the grey dog, racing like the nor'-easter over the sea, had already retrieved the fugitive.

10. Man and dog were coaxing the three a step at a time towards the bridge. One ventured; the others followed. In the middle the leader stopped and tried to turn; and time was flying—flying, and the penning alone must take minutes. Many a man's hand was at his watch, but no one could take his eyes off the group below to look.

11. "We're beat. I've won, Tammas," groaned Sam'l Todd. The two Dalesmen had a long-standing wager on the matter. "I allus knew hoo 'twould be. I allus tell't thee as t'owd tyke——" then breaking into a bellow, his honest face crimson with enthusiasm—"Coom on, Master! Good for thee, Owd 'Un. Yon's t'style!"

12. For the grey dog had leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep; it had surged forward against the next, and they were over, and making up the slope amidst a thunder of applause.

13. At the pen it was a sight to see shepherd and dog working together. The Master, his face



stern and a little whiter than its wont, casting forward with both hands, herding the sheep in; the grey dog, eyes big and bright, dropping to hand, crawling and creeping, closer and closer.

14. "They're in!—Nay—Ay—hang me! Stop her!—good Owd 'Un! Ah-h-h, they're in!" and the last sheep reluctantly passed through on the stroke of time.

15. A roar went up from the crowd, and the Dalesmen mopped wet brows. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back. And now there was silence. Quite close to the pen stood James Moore and the grey dog; above was the black wall of people, utterly still; below, the

judges, comparing notes. In the silence you could almost hear the panting of the crowd. Then one of the judges approached the Master and shook him by the hand. The grey dog had won.

16. A second's palpitating silence; a woman's laugh; and a deep-mouthed bellow rent the expectant air. Shouts, screams, hat-tossings, back-clappings, blended in a din that made the many-winding waters of the Silver Lea quiver and quiver again.

Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won the Shepherds' Trophy outright.

Adapted from "Owd Bob", by Alfred Ollivant.

1. Write a short dialogue between the hare and the tortoise, (*a*) before, (*b*) after the race.

2. In paragraph 12, Sam'l Todd speaks in his own **Dialect**, that is, the kind of English spoken in a particular district. Re-write this paragraph in ordinary English (what is called **Standard English**).

3. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) "The course had been *stiffened*" (par. 1).

(*b*) "Posts of *vantage*" (par. 2).

(*c*) "Master and dog worked *like one divided*" (par. 6).

4. What is a *nor'-easter* (par. 9)? The word *sou'-wester* is sometimes used with an entirely different meaning. What is that meaning?

5. Explain the difference between *wont* (par. 13) and *won't*; *ere* and *e'er*; *its* and *it's*.

6. How can the *air* be *expectant* (par. 16)? What does the writer mean? Here are two other examples of the same thing: (*a*) "He spent three nights in the *condemned cell*." (*b*) "He tossed all night on a *sleepless pillow*."

To a Spider

1. Patient creature, sitting there,
Fisher of the deep-blue air,
With thy net of filing twine
Stretched upon my cottage vine,
Sure a quiet heart is thine!

2. I have watched thee there this hour
In thy secret leafy bower;
All the while a single fly
Has not flown thy meshes by—
They are empty, night is nigh.

3. Yet, thou lonesome thing, for thee
Few have thought or sympathy.
Where thy scanty food to get,
Thou that weary watch dost set
By thy solitary net.

4. Thou as God has given thee skill,
Dost thy humble task fulfil,
Busy at thy lines outspread,
Mending up each broken thread;
Thus thy little life is led.

5. Yet belike some idler's hand,
Who nature cannot understand,
As in pity for thy prey,
All thy toil for many a day
At one stroke will sweep away.

6. Shame upon the delicate sense
That at thee would take offence!
Thus some passing qualm to smother
Oft will man, too, treat his brother,
Wronging one to right another.

7. O how selfish and unsound
Such sensibility is found!
Few there are of those, I trow,
Who such tender hearts avow
Half as innocent as thou.

The Rev. Thomas Whytehead.

---

1. Imagine a short talk between a cat and a mouse peeping out of its hole.

2. Why does the poet call the spider a fisher?

3. Re-write the third verse in ordinary prose order, without inversion.

4. The poet seems to have a kindly feeling towards the spider. Which of its qualities does he admire most? In the last verse he calls it "innocent". Do you agree?





Lions

1. A very large lion I killed stood three feet nine inches at the withers, and, of course, carried his head higher than that. The top of the table at which I sit is only two feet three inches from the floor. Coming through the door at my back that lion's head would stand over a foot higher than half-way up. Look at your own writing-desk, your own door.

2. Furthermore, he was nine feet and eleven inches in a straight line from nose to end of tail, or over eleven feet along the contour of the back. If he were to rise on his hind feet to strike a man down he would stand somewhere between seven and eight feet tall, depending on how nearly he straightened up. He weighed just under six hundred pounds.

3. I tell you this that you may realize, as I did not, the size to which a wild lion grows. Either menagerie specimens are stunted in growth or

their position and surroundings tend to belittle them, for certainly until a man sees old Leo in the wilderness he has not understood what a fine old chap he is.

4. Just as the lion is one of the most interesting and fascinating of beasts, so concerning him one may hear the most diverse opinions. This man will tell you that any lion is always dangerous. Another will hold the king of beasts in the most utter contempt as a coward and a skulker.

5. The sportsman sees lions on the plains. Likewise the lions see him, and promptly depart to thick cover or rocky butte. But if the sportsman had done one of two or three things, I am quite sure he would have had a taste of our friend's mettle. If he had shot at and even grazed the beast; if he had happened upon him where an exit was not obvious; or if he had even followed the lion until the latter had become tired of the annoyance, he would very soon have discovered that Leo is not all good nature, and that, once angered, his courage will take him in against any odds.

6. Furthermore, he may be astonished and dismayed to discover that of a group of several lions, two or three besides the wounded animal are quite likely to take up the quarrel and charge too. In other words, in my opinion, the lion avoids trouble when he can, not from cowardice but from essential indolence or good nature; but does not need to be cornered to fight to the

death when in his mind his dignity is sufficiently assailed.

7. For of all dangerous beasts the lion, when once aroused, will alone face odds to the end. The rhinoceros, the elephant, and even the buffalo can often be turned aside by a shot. A lion almost always charges home. Slower and slower he comes, as the bullets strike; but he comes, until at last he may be just hitching himself along, his face to the enemy, his fierce spirit undaunted. When finally he rolls over, he bites the earth in great mouthfuls; and so he passes, fighting to the last.

8. Most of his hunting is done by dark. Between the hours of sundown and nine o'clock he and his comrades may be heard uttering the deep coughing grunt typical of this time of night. These curious, short, far-sounding calls may be mere evidences of intention, or they may be a sort of signal by means of which the various hunters keep in touch. After a little they cease. Then one is quite likely to hear the petulant, alarmed barking of zebra, or to feel the vibrations of many hoofs. There is a sense of hurried, flurried uneasiness abroad on the veldt.

9. In an undisturbed country, or one not much hunted, the early morning hours, up to say nine o'clock, are quite likely to show you lions sauntering leisurely across the open plains towards their lairs. They go a little, stop a little, yawn, sit down a while, and gradually work their way

home. At those times you come upon them unexpectedly face to face, or, seeing them from afar, ride them down in a glorious gallop. Where the country has been much hunted, however, the lion learns to abandon his kill and seek shelter before daylight, and is almost never seen abroad. Then one must depend on happening on him in his cover.

10. In the actual hunting of his game the lion is apparently very clever. He understands the value of co-operation. Two or more will manœuvre very skilfully to give a third the chance to make an effective spring; whereupon the three will share the kill. In a rough country, or one otherwise favourable to the method, a pack of lions will often deliberately drive game into narrow ravines where the killers are waiting.

At such times the man favoured by the chance of an encampment within five miles or so can hear a lion's roar.

11. Otherwise I doubt if he is apt often to get the full-voiced genuine article. The peculiar questioning cough of early evening is resonant and deep in vibration, but it is a call rather than a roar. No lion is fool enough to make a noise when he is stalking. Then afterwards, when full fed, individuals may open up a few times, but only a few times, in sheer satisfaction, apparently, at being well fed.

12. The menagerie row at feeding time, formidable as it sounds within the echoing walls,

is only a mild and gentle hint. But when seven or eight lions roar merely to see how much noise they can make, as when driving game, or trying to stampede your oxen on a wagon trip, the effect is something tremendous. The very substance of the ground vibrates, the air shakes. I can only compare it to the effect of a very large deep organ in a very small church. There is something genuinely awe-inspiring about it; and when the repeated volleys rumble into silence one can imagine the veldt crouched in a rigid terror that shall endure.

From "In the Land of Footprints", by Stewart Edward White, F.R.G.S.

---

1. Write a short composition on: "The Thoughts of a Lion in Captivity".

2. Explain each of the following:
   (*a*) "An exit was not obvious" (par. 5).
   (*b*) "Essential indolence" (par. 6).
   (*c*) "He understands the value of co-operation" (par. 10).
   (*d*) "Individuals may open up a few times" (par. 11).

3. A little boy, when asked what the Equator was, said that it was a *menagerie lion* running round the earth. What should he have said?

4. *Hoofs* (par. 8) is the plural of *hoof*. What is the plural of *proof*, *wolf*, *life*, *thief*, *belief*?

5. Explain the difference between: *diverse* (par. 4), and *divers*; *lairs* (par. 9), and *layers*; *sheer* (par. 11), and *shear*.

6. "He *passes*, fighting to the last" (par. 7). What does this mean? Name one or two other ways of saying the same thing.

7. Analyse the fourth sentence of paragraph 5.

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm

Part I

1. Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers.

2. "Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen — fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

3. "Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir. Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

4. "Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking

towards Mr. Winkle; "very good saddle horses, sir — any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

5. Mr. Winkle, in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, did entertain considerable misgivings about his skill in horsemanship. But, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly, I should enjoy it of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was now no help for it. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick. "Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

6. The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

7. It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying

great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they



stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

8. "Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; an infant in arms might drive him."

9. "He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a waggon-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

This last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

10. "Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gentleman the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

1. Why does Dickens make the waiter talk in such a broken, disconnected manner? (See paragraphs 2 and 3.)

2. What are: (*a*) "preliminary arrangments" (par. 6); (*b*) "the ribbons" (par. 10)?

3. The noun *rapidity* (par. 1) is derived from the adjective *rapid.* Name other three or four adjectives which end in *-id,* and from which nouns are formed in the same way.

4. The comparative degree of *dry* is *drier*; but of *shy*, *shyer.* Can you suggest a reason for this?

5. Write sentences to show the difference between: *respective* (par. 6), *respectful*, and *respectable*; *symmetry* (par. 7) and *cemetery*; *bridle* (par. 7) and *bridal.*

6. Analyse the second sentence of paragraph 6, down to the word *ready.*

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm

Part II

1. "Wo-o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped showed a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

2. "Only his playfulness, gentlemen," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just catch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

3. "Blowed if the gentleman weren't getting up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the greatly delighted waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward foreboding that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

4. "Let 'em go," cried the hostler. "Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other,

to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

5. "What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

6. Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular. The whole of his faculties were concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise; for it displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander; but by no means equally amusing to the driver. Constantly jerking its head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, it tugged at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them. Besides, it had a singular inclination for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road; then stopping short; and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

7. "What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.



"Woo!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

8. "Winkle," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the rider came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted,

handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

9. Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

10. "Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly—"poor fellow—good old horse."

The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced. This was an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so on a lonely road, where no assistance could be procured.

11. "What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."

"You had better lead him till we come to a

turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

12. "But he won't come!" roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personification of kindness and humanity. He threw the reins on the horse's back; and, having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road. Then he stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

---

1. Gather together from this lesson all the statements which help to prove what a poor horseman Mr. Winkle was.

2. Re-write the second sentence of paragraph 6, expressing its meaning in simpler words.

3. What is a *quadruped* (par. 1): a *biped*; a *centipede*; a *tripod*?

4. Explain each of the following:

(*a*) "The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity" (par. 2).

(*b*) "The horse was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle" (par. 9).

(*c*) "Mr. Pickwick was the very personification of kindness and humanity" (par. 12).

5. Write sentences to show as many uses as possible of the word *box*. (Don't forget to *box* the compass).

6. A *foreboding* (par. 3) is a feeling that something evil is about to happen. Explain: *forenoon*, *foresee*, *foretell*, *forefathers*.

7. *Occurred* (par. 9) is the past tense of *occur*. Write down the past tense of *refer*, *offer*, *differ*, *prefer*, *suffer*, *confer*. Can you make a rule from these examples?

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm

Part III

1. The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the circular motion in which he had previously indulged, for a backward movement of a very determined character. This movement at once drew Mr. Winkle (who was still at the end of the bridle), at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come.

2. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

3. It was but too true. The animal was startled

by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body and the bin from the perch, and finally stood stock-still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

4. The first care of the two unspilt friends was to free their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various scratches from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and leaving the chaise to its fate.

5. An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little roadside inn, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign-post, in front; one or two deformed hay-ricks behind, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily: "Hallo there!"

6. The red-headed man raised his body, shaded

his eyes with his hand, and stared long and coolly at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

"Hallo there!" repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Hallo!" was the red-headed man's reply.

"How far is it to Dingley Dell?"

"Better nor seven mile."

"Is it a good road?"

"No, it isn't." Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

7. "We want to put this horse up here," said Mr. Pickwick; "I suppose we can, can't we?"

"Want to put that horse up, do ye?" repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

"Of course," replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

"Missus!"—roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—"Missus!"

8. A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue frock, with the waist an inch or two below her arm-pits, responded to the call.

"Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?" said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most winning tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party, and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

"No," replied the woman, after a little consideration, "I'm afraid of it."

9. "Afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "what's the woman afraid of?"

"It got us in trouble last time," said the woman, turning into the house; "I won't have anything to say to it."

"Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

---

1. The woman said: "The horse got us in trouble last time" (par. 9). Make up a little story about this.

2. Explain the words *heat* in paragraph 3, and *quickset* in paragraph 4.

3. "What is the woman afraid of?" (par. 9). The pronouns *who*, *which*, *what*, when used to ask questions, are called **Interrogative** pronouns. An interrogative pronoun has been cleverly described as "a relative pronoun looking for its antecedent". Where will the antecedent be found? [Here is an easy illustration: "*Who* broke the window?" "It was *John*" (who broke it.]

4. Find an example of the nominative absolute in paragraph 2, and another in paragraph 4.

5. Study the first sentence of paragraph 2. Note that the first "faster" clause is an adverbial clause of comparison; the second, a principal clause. Now analyse the following:

(*a*) The sooner you learn to behave, the better it will be for yourself.

(*b*) A donkey is like a lollipop; the more you lick it, the faster it goes.

6. Change the last two sentences of paragraph 4 from simple to complex; and the last sentence of paragraph 5 from compound to complex.

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm

Part IV

1. "I—I—really believe," whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, "that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

2. "Hallo, you fellow!" said the angry Mr. Pickwick, "do you think we stole this horse?"

"I'm sure ye did," replied the red-headed man, with a grin which spread over his face from one ear to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

3. "It's like a dream," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!"

The depressed travellers turned moodily away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most absolute disgust, following slowly at their heels.

4. It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm. And even when they were so near their place of destination,

the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was considerably damped when they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. For they



had torn clothes, scratched faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse.

5. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick detested that horse! He had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dreadful imaginings by the sudden appear-

ance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle, and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

6. "Why, where *have* you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman; "I've been waiting for you all day. Well, you *do* look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope—eh? Well I *am* glad to hear that—very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe—he's asleep again!—Joe, take that horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable."

7. The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoling with his guests in homely phrase on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to tell him, led the way to the kitchen.

8. "We'll have you put to rights here," said the old gentleman: "and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlour. Emma, bring out the cherry brandy; now, Jane, a needle and thread here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about."

9. Three or four buxom girls speedily went in search of the different articles wanted, while a couple of large-headed round-faced men rose from their seats in the chimney corner, and speedily produced a bottle of blacking and some half-dozen brushes.

10. "Bustle!" said the old gentleman again, but the advice was quite unnecessary, for one of

the girls poured out the cherry brandy, and another brought in the towels. Then one of the men, suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, at instant risk of throwing him off his balance, brushed away at his boot till his corns were red-hot, while the other shampoo'd Mr. Winkle with a heavy clothes-brush, indulging, during the operation, in that hissing sound which hostlers are wont to produce when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

11. "Ready?" said the old gentleman inquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied.

"Quite," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Come along, then," and the party, having traversed several dark passages, arrived at last at the parlour door.

"Welcome," said their hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them, "welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm."

Charles Dickens (1812–1870). *From "Pickwick Papers"*.

---

1. Paragraph 7. What parts of their adventures would they *not* tell their host?

2. Explain the following metaphors: "a *storm* of indignation" (par. 1); "their pleasure was *damped*" (par. 4).

3. A "parlour" is "a room for chatting in". (The word comes from the French verb *parler*, meaning *to speak*). What is (*a*) a drawing-room; (*b*) an anteroom?

4. Write sentences to show two different meanings of the word *host*.

On the Hearthrug

1. "Little tongue of red-brown flame,
Whither go you?"—"Whence I came,
Sending on a courier spark
To explore the chimney dark.

2. "Once I was a sunbeam fair,
Darting through the awakened air.
Quickly to a green leaf gone,
On a forest tree I shone.

3. "Steely lightning struck the bough,
And I sank into a slough.
Many ages there I lay,
Ere I saw the All-Father, Day.

4. "Now I sparkle once again,
Flashing light and warmth to men,
Ere, like all things that are bright,
I rejoin the All-Mother, Night."

Mary Coleridge.

---

1. "What is meant by "a *courier* spark"?
2. What process is referred to in verse 3? What happened to the bough?
3. What is a *slough*? Give as many words as you can think of that mean the same thing.

DIFFICULT WORDS

Rescued—I

Vaughan
fathoms
adventurous
excavation
circular
endeavoured
paralysed
possession
earnest
windlass
circulate
consequently

Rescued—II

handkerchief
murmurs
exhausted
consciousness
vigorously
accustomed
marvelled

A Golden Evening

collar
neighbour

A Pygmy in Armour—I

pygmy
privet
terrify
apparently
literally
advertisement
drought
tortoises
innocently
interfering
surroundings
ceiling
concerned

A Pygmy in Armour—II

triumphant
gnats
astonishingly
vulnerable
precise
juice
electric
collapsed
sycamore
tassels
temperature
unassuming

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

summoning
cymbals

The Story of King Lear—I

affection
according
completely
disinherited
professions
courtiers

The Story of King Lear—II

buffeted
quarrelled
Gloucester
forgiveness
dungeon

Among the Eskimos—I

blizzard
suggested
familiar
operations
assistant
architect
implement
assumed
immured
tunnel
bungalow
diameter
superstition
caribou

Among the Eskimos—II

jerks
squalls
ravenously
explanations

A Boy and a Bicycle

bicycle
aught
treadle

William Penn and the Quakers—I

altar
choir
zealously
influenced
religious
rebukingly
essayist

William Penn and the Quakers—II

sympathy
doctrines
accomplishment
Lincoln
disappointed
harassed
reconciled
cravat
conferences
metropolis
acknowledged
Pennsylvania

The Happy Man

armour
rumours

A Melting Story

indulging
appetite
anxious
fidgety
roguish
absolute
simplicity
humorous

Home thoughts, from the Sea

Cadiz
Trafalgar
Gibraltar

One Good Turn —I

strewn
investigate
querulous
anchored
amputated
rummaging
curtain
resolutely
structure
luxurious

One Good Turn —II

extremity
stupefied
excellent
prosperous
merchant
consignment
cheque
receipt
occasion
existence

Rain in Summer

wonted
treacherous
leopard

A Boat Race—I

achievements
opponents
manœuvres
enormous
rhythmically
canvas
necessary
automatically

A Boat Race—II

persistently
necessitating
buoyed
judicious
zephyr
drachm

The Road to Camelot

Tennyson
mysterious
mirror
current

A Cattle Drive —I

stirrups
lassoing
accompanied
magnificence
monstrous
tributary
canyon
indescribable
exhilarating
circumstances
emerging
immense
buffaloes

A Cattle Drive —II

thoroughbred
broncho
Hawaiian
infinity
attachment
vicious
deliberately
dexterously
continually
handsome
infuriated
piteously
assailant
subtlety

The Sheep and the Goat

quench
thitherward
bishop

The Great Winter—I

rustling
chisel
converging
plaintive
patronage

The Great Winter—II

imagine
impossibility
cider-cellar
lanthorn
oven
ensued

A Cricket Bowler

knavish
knack
guile
conscious

tortuous
somersaults

In a Diving Dress

dissuade
language
gunwale
superabun-dance
anticipated
rhythmic
congratulate
centre
coral
sufficient
tendril
focus
mechanical
toughness
immediately
acquired
horizontal

A Narrow Escape

intelligence
overwhelmed
barque
wilderness
ambushed

Posted as Missing

dungarees

Miss Matty's Shop—I

official
retrenchment
consultation
furniture
ambitious
correspondent
business
schemes
sufficient

alluded
parlour
success

Miss Matty's Shop—II

auctioneer
mysterious
scruples
conscience
commodities
pertinacity
relinquish

The Victoria Falls—I

conjecture
caldron
persuaded
sylvan
cypress
chestnut
canoe
acquainted

The Victoria Falls—II

basaltic
chasm
prolongation
gigantic
perpendicular
mysterious-ness
prismatic
ascertaining

On the Road

foxglove

A Devoted Daughter

illustrious
chancellor

magnificent
mansion
hospitality
assembled
judiciously
acquirements
melancholy
plague
physicians
chapel
impassioned
obstinacy
bequeathed

Two Things worth Having

chemic
counterfeit

The Castaway—I

infinite
granite
prudence
buoyed
periwinkle
diet
devouring
delicious
boulders
convenience
ancient

The Castaway—II

frequently
Gaelic
piteously
assistance
disappoint-ment
marvel
supplications
addressed
illusion

The Red Man's God

worship
wapiti
reindeer

Psalm CIV

majesty
chariot
manifold
innumerable
leviathan

May Morning

harbinger
bounteous

A Young Heroine—I

heroine
condemned
extraordinary
czar
caresses
authorities

A Young Heroine—II

generously
furious
suspiciously
accumulated
opposite

A Young Heroine—III

icicles
superior
recommended
audience
secretary
nervousness
pathetic

The Secret of the Machines

gauged
plough
monstrous
cisterns
irrigate
dynamite
comprehend

Nat's Monkey

solemnly
omelette
melancholy
paralysing
indescribable
oakum
distinguish-able
reproaches
prowess

The Sea

regions
porpoise
dolphins

The Tar Pools of California

skeletons
prehistoric
asphalt
intelligent
occasionally
tragedies
vultures
gigantic
descended
suspicion
pigeons
plovers

Two Countries

sacrifice

African Prince —I

accepted
fatigued
interpreter
messenger
audience
tobacco
umbrella
citadel
presence
portmanteau
suspicion

African Prince —II

preamble
extolling
appropriated
physic
prominency
artificial
acquired
emphatically

Weathers

citizens
rivulets

How Owd Bob won the Shepherds' Trophy—I

trophy
horizon
concourse
paddock
multitude
obliquely
parallel
curtseying
challengers
Llangollen
tremendous
incomparable
coerced
enthusiasm

How Owd Bob won the Shepherds' Trophy —II

endeavours
exhibition
cantankerous
wether
anticipating
gesture
gallop
fugitive
coaxing
palpitating

To a Spider

qualm
sensibility

Lions

contour
menagerie
surroundings
fascinating
butte
annoyance
cowardice
essential
assailed
rhinoceros
typical
petulant
veldt
gallop
deliberately
resonant
echoing
stampede
tremendous
genuinely

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm—I

appetites
post-chaise
suggested
recesses
horsemanship
ascended
approaching
passengers
perch
symmetry
apparently
hostler
recommendation
indisputable
deposited

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm—II

quadruped
impetuosity
gratification
mysterious
concentrated
peculiarities
manœuvre
interrupted
unsatisfactory
assistance
circumstances

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm—III

determined
mouldering
scrutiny
extraordinary

Mr. Pickwick's Journey to Manor Farm—IV

dishonest
indignation
ejaculated
hideous
absolute
singularity
expressive
accident
phrase
parlour
unnecessary

On the Hearth-rug

hearthrug
courier
slough